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GOVERNOR VERNON H. VAUGHN

1870 - 1871

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

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HISTORY OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH.

BY HIS MOTHER, LUCY SMITH.

CHAPTER XX.

ALVIN'S SICKNESS AND DEATH.

On the 15th of November, 1824, about 10 o'clock in the morning, Alvin was taken very sick with the bilious colic. He came to the house in much distress, and requested his father to go immediately for a physician. He accordingly went, obtaining one by the name of Greenwood, who, on arriving, immediately administered to the patient a heavy dose of calomel. I will here notice, that this Dr. Greenwood was not the physician commonly employed by the family; he was brought in consequence of the family physician's absence. And on this account, as I suppose, Alvin at first refused to take the medicine, but by much persuasion, he was prevailed on to do so.

This dose of calomel lodged in his stomach, and all the medicine afterwards freely administered by four very skillful physicians could not remove it.

On the third day of his sickness, Dr. M'Intyre, whose services

were usually employed by the family, as he was considered very skillful, was brought, and with him four other eminent physicians. But it was all in vain, their exertions proved unavailing, just as Alvin had said would be the case—he told them the calomel was still lodged in the same place, after some exertion had been made to carry it off, and that it must take his life.

On coming to this conclusion, he called Hyrum to him, and said, “Hyrum, I must die. Now I want to say a few things, which I wish to have you remember. I have done all I could to make our dear parents comfortable. I want you to go on and finish the house and take care of them in their old age, and do not any more let them work hard, as they are now in old age.”

He then called Sophronia to him, and said to her, “Sophronia, you must be a good girl, and do all you can for father and mother—never forsake them; they have worked hard, and they are now getting old. Be kind to them, and remember what they have done for us.”

In the latter part of the fourth night, he called for all the children, and exhorted them separately in the same strain as above. But when he came to Joseph, he said, “I am now going to die, the distress which I suffer, and the feelings that I have, tell me my time is very short. I want you to be a good boy, and do everything that lies in your power to obtain the Record. Be faithful in receiving instruction, and in keeping every commandment that is given you. Your brother Alvin must leave you; but remember the example which he has set for you; and set the same example for the children that are younger than yourself, and always be kind to father and mother.”

He then asked me to take my little daughter Lucy up, and bring her to him, for he wished to see her. He was always very fond of her, and was in the habit of taking her up and caressing her, which naturally formed a very strong attachment on her part for him. I went to her, and said; “Lucy, Alvin wants to see you.” At this, she started from her sleep, and screamed out, “Amby, Amby;” (she could not yet talk plain, being very young). We took her to him, and when she got within reach of him, she sprang from my arms and caught him around the neck, and cried out, “Oh! Amby,” and kissed him again and again.

"Lucy," said he, "you must be the best girl in the world, and take care of mother; you can't have your Amby any more. Amby is going away; he must leave little Lucy." He then kissed her, and said, "take her away, I think my breath offends her." We took hold of her to take her away; but she clinched him with such a strong grasp, that it was with difficulty we succeeded in disengaging her hands.

As I turned with the child to leave him, he said, "Father, mother, brothers, and sisters, farewell! I can now breathe out my life as calmly as a clock." Saying this, he immediately closed his eyes in death.

The child still cried to go back to Alvin. One present observed to the child, "Alvin is gone; an angel has taken his spirit to heaven." Hearing this, the child renewed her cries, and, as I bent over his corpse with her in my arms, she again threw her arms around him, and kissed him repeatedly. And until the body was taken from the house she continued to cry, and to manifest such mingled feelings of both terror and affection at the scene before her, as are seldom witnessed.

Alvin was a youth of singular goodness of disposition—kind and amiable, so that lamentation and mourning filled the whole neighborhood in which he resided.

By the request of the principal physician, Alvin was cut open, in order to discover, if it were possible, the cause of his death. On doing so, they found the calomel lodged in the upper bowels, untouched by anything which he had taken to remove it, and as near as possible in its natural state, surrounded as it was with gangrene.

A vast concourse of people attended his obsequies, who seemed very anxious to show their sympathy for us in our bereavement.

Alvin manifested, if such could be the case, greater zeal and anxiety in regard to the Record that had been shown to Joseph, than any of the rest of the family; in consequence of which we could not bear to hear anything said upon the subject. Whenever Joseph spoke of the Record, it would immediately bring Alvin to our minds, with all his zeal, and with all his kindness; and, when we looked to his place, and realized that he was gone from it, to

return no more in this life, we all with one accord wept over our irretrievable loss, and we could "not be comforted, because he was not."

CHAPTER XXI.

RELIGIOUS EXCITEMENT—JOSEPH'S PROPHECY—HE WORKS FOR MR. STOAL—BECOMES ACQUAINTED WITH EMMA HALE.

Shortly after the death of Alvin, a man commenced laboring in the neighborhood, to effect a union of the different churches, in order that all might be agreed, and thus worship God with one heart and with one mind.

This seemed about right to me, and I felt much inclined to join in with them; in fact, the most of the family appeared quite disposed to unite with their numbers; but Joseph, from the first, utterly refused even to attend their meetings, saying, "Mother, I do not wish to prevent your going to meeting, or any of the rest of the family's; or your joining any church you please; but, do not ask me to join them. I can take my Bible, and go into the woods, and learn more in two hours, than you can learn at meeting in two years, if you should go all the time."

To gratify me, my husband attended some two or three meetings, but peremptorily refused going any more, either for my gratification, or any other person's.

During this excitement, Joseph would say, it would do us no injury to join them, that if we did, we should not continue with them long, for we were mistaken in them, and did not know the wickedness of their hearts. One day he said, that he would give us an example, and that we might set it down as a prophecy; viz:—

"You look at Deacon Jessup," said he, "and you hear him talk very piously. Well, you think he is a very good man. Now suppose that one of his poor neighbors should owe him the value of a cow, and that this poor man had eight little children; moreover, that he should be taken sick and die, leaving his wife with one cow, but destitute of every other means of supporting herself and family—now I tell you, that Deacon Jessup, religious as he is, would not scruple to take the last cow from the poor widow and orphans, in order to secure the debt, notwithstanding he himself has an abundance of everything."

At that time, this seemed impossible to us, yet one year had

scarcely expired when we saw Joseph's prophecy literally fulfilled.

The shock occasioned by Alvin's death, in a short time passed off, and we resumed our usual avocations with considerable interest. The first move towards business, was to complete the house before mentioned. This we did as speedily as possible, and, when it was finished, Mr. Stoddard, the principal workman, offered for it the sum of fifteen hundred dollars; but my husband refused his offer as he was unwilling to leave the scene of our labor where we had fondly anticipated spending the remainder of our days.

A short time before the house was completed, a man, by the name of Josiah Staal, came from Chenango county, New York, with the view of getting Joseph to assist him in digging for a silver mine.* He came for Joseph on account of having heard that he possessed certain means, by which he could discern things invisible to the natural eye.

Joseph endeavored to divert him from his vain pursuit, but he was inflexible in his purpose, and offered high wages to those who would dig for him, in search of said mine, and still insisted upon having Joseph to work for him. Accordingly, Joseph and several others, returned with him and commenced digging. After laboring for the old gentleman about a month, without success, Joseph prevailed upon him to cease his operations; and it was from this circumstance of having worked by the month, at digging for a silver mine, that the very prevalent story arose of Joseph's having been a money digger.

While Joseph was in the employ of Mr. Staal, he boarded a short time with one Isaac Hale, and it was during this interval, that Joseph became acquainted with his daughter, Miss Emma Hale, to whom he immediately commenced paying his addresses, and was subsequently married.

When Mr. Staal relinquished his project of digging for silver, Joseph returned to his father's house.

* This project of Staal's was undertaken from this cause—an old document had fallen into his possession, in some way or other, containing information of silver mines being somewhere in the neighborhood in which he resided.

Soon after his return, we received intelligence of the arrival of a new agent for the Everson land, of which our farm was a portion. This reminded us of the last payment, which was still due, and which must be made before we could obtain a deed of the place.

Shortly after this, a couple of gentlemen, one of whom was the before-named Stoal, the other a Mr. Knight, came into the neighborhood for the purpose of procuring a quantity of either wheat or flour; and we, having sown considerable wheat, made a contract with them, in which we agreed to deliver a certain quantity of flour to them the ensuing fall, for which we were to receive a sufficient amount of money to make the final payment on our farm. This being done, my husband sent Hyrum to Canandaigua to inform the new agent of the fact, namely, that the money should be forthcoming as soon as the twenty-fifth of December, 1825. This, the agent said, would answer the purpose, and he agreed to retain the land until that time. Having thus, as we supposed, made all secure pertaining to the land, we gave ourselves no further uneasiness in regard to the matter.

When the time had nearly arrived for the last payment to be made, and when my husband was about starting for Mr. Stoal's and Mr. Knight's, in order to get the money to make the same, Joseph called my husband and myself aside, and said, "I have been very lonely ever since Alvin died, and I have concluded to get married; and if you have no objections to my uniting myself in marriage with Miss Emma Hale, she would be my choice in preference to any other woman I have ever seen." We were pleased with his choice, and not only consented to his marrying her, but requested him to bring her home with him, and live with us. Accordingly, he set out with his father for Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER XXII.

JOSEPH SMITH, SEN., LOSES HIS FARM—JOSEPH, JUN., IS MARRIED—HAS ANOTHER INTERVIEW WITH THE ANGEL, BY WHOM HE IS CHASTISED—RECEIVES FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS.

A few days subsequent to my husband's departure, I set my-

self to work to put my house in order for the reception of my son's bride; and I felt all that pride and ambition in doing so, that is common to mothers upon such occasions.

My oldest son had, previous to this, formed a matrimonial relation with one of the most excellent of women, with whom I had seen much enjoyment, and I hoped for as much happiness with my second daughter-in-law, as I had received from the society of the first, and there was no reason why I should expect anything to the contrary.

One afternoon, after having completed my arrangements, I fell into a very agreeable train of reflections. The day was exceedingly fine, and of itself calculated to produce fine feelings; besides this, every other circumstance seemed to be in unison, and to contribute to raise in the heart those soothing and grateful emotions which we all have seasons of enjoying when the mind is at rest. Thus, as I stood musing, among other things, upon the prospect of a quiet and comfortable old age, my attention was suddenly arrested by a trio of strangers who were just entering. Upon their near approach I found one of these gentlemen to be Mr. Stoddard, the principal carpenter in building the house in which we then lived.

When they entered the house, I seated them, and commenced common-place conversation. But shortly one of them began to ask questions which I considered rather impertinent—questions concerning our making the last payment on the place; and if we did not wish to sell the house; furthermore, where Mr. Smith and my son had gone, etc., etc.

"Sell the house!" I replied, "No, sir, we have no occasion for that, we have made every necessary arrangement to get the deed, and also have an understanding with the agent. So you see we are quite secure, in regard to this matter."

To this they made no answer, but went out to meet Hyrum, who was approaching the house. They asked him the same questions, and he answered them the same as I had done. When they had experimented in this way, to their satisfaction, they proceeded to inform my son, that he need put himself to no further trouble with regard to the farm; "for," said they, "we have bought the place, and paid for it, and we now forbid your touching anything

on the farm; and we also warn you to leave forthwith, and give possession to the lawful owners."

This conversation passed within my hearing. When they re-entered the house, I said, "Hyrum, is it a reality? or only a sham to startle us?" But one collected look at the men convinced me of their fiendish determination—I was overcome, and fell back into my chair almost deprived of sensibility.

When I recovered, we (Hyrum and myself) talked to them some time, endeavoring to persuade them to change their wicked course; but the only answer we could get from them was, "Well, we've got the place, and d—n you, help yourselves if you can."

Hyrum, in a short time, went to an old friend, Dr. Robinson, and related to him the grievous story. Whereupon, the old gentleman sat down, and wrote at some considerable length the character of the family—our industry, and faithful exertions to secure a home, with many commendations calculated to beget confidence in us with respect to business transactions. And, keeping this writing in his own hands, he went through the village, and in an hour procured sixty subscribers. He then sent the same, by the hand of Hyrum, to the land agent, who lived in Canandaigua.

On receiving this, the agent was highly enraged. He said the men had told him that Mr. Smith and his son Joseph had run away, and that Hyrum was cutting down the sugar orchard, hauling off the rails, burning them, and doing all manner of mischief to the farm. That, believing this statement, he was induced to sell the place, for which he had given a deed, and received the money.

Hyrum told him the circumstances under which his father and brother had left home; also the probability of their being detained on the road, to attend to some business. Upon this, the agent directed him to address a number of letters to my husband, and have them sent and deposited in public-houses on the road which he traveled, that, perchance some of them might meet his eye, and thus cause him to return more speedily than he would otherwise. He then despatched a messenger to those individuals to whom he had given a deed of the farm in question, with the view of making a compromise with them; but they refused to do anything respecting the matter. The agent sent a message to them,

stating that if they did not make their appearance forthwith, he would fetch them with a warrant. To this they gave heed, and they came without delay.

The agent strove to convince them of the disgraceful and impolitic course which they were pursuing, and endeavored to persuade them to retract, and let the land go back into Mr. Smith's hands again.

For some time they said but little, except in a sneering and taunting way, about as follows:—"We've got the land, sir, and we've got the deed, so just let Smith help himself. Oh, no matter about Smith, he has gold plates, gold Bibles, he is rich—he don't want anything." But finally, they agreed, if Hyrum could raise them one thousand dollars, by Saturday at ten o'clock in the evening, they would give up the deed.

It was now Thursday about noon, and Hyrum was at Canandaigua, which was nine miles distant from home, and hither he must ride before he could make the first move towards raising the required amount. He came home with a heavy heart. When he arrived, he found his father, who had returned a short time before him. His father had fortunately found, within fifty miles of home, one of those letters which Hyrum had written.

The following day, by the request of my husband, I went to see an old Quaker, a gentleman with whom we had been quite intimate since our commencement on the farm, and who had always seemed to admire the neat arrangement of the same. We hoped that he would be both able and willing to purchase the place, that we might at least have the benefit of the crops that were upon the ground, as he was a friend and would be disposed to show us favor. But we were disappointed, not in his will or disposition, but in his ability. He had just paid out to the land agent all the money he could spare, to redeem a piece of land belonging to a friend in his immediate neighborhood. If I had arrived at his house thirty minutes sooner, I would have found him with fifteen hundred dollars in his pocket.

When I rehearsed to him what had taken place, he was much distressed for us, and very much regretted his inability to relieve our necessity. He said, however, "If I have no money, I will try to do something for you, and you may say to your husband, that I

will see him as soon as I can, and let him know what the prospect is."

It was nearly night—the country was new, and my road lay through a dense forest. The distance that I had to travel was ten miles, and that alone, yet I hastened to inform my husband of the disappointment that I had met with.

The old gentleman, as soon as I left, started in search of some one that could afford us assistance, and hearing of a Mr. Durfee, who lived four miles distant, he came the same night, and directed us to go and see what he could devise for our benefit.

Accordingly, my husband started without delay for Mr. Durfee's, and arrived at his house before daylight in the morning. He sent my husband three miles further, to one of his sons, who was high sheriff, instructing him to say to the young man that his father wished to see him as soon as possible. Mr. Durfee, the younger, was obedient to the call. Immediately after he arrived at his father's, the three proceeded together to see the farm, and arrived about ten o'clock a.m. They tarried a short time, then rode on to see the agent and those villains who held the deed of our place.

The anxiety of mind that I suffered that day can more easily be imagined than described. I now looked upon the proceeds of our industry, which smiled around us on every hand, with a kind of yearning attachment that I never before had experienced; and our early losses I did not feel so keenly, for I then realized that we were young, and by making some exertions we might improve our circumstances; besides, I had not felt the inconveniences of poverty as I had since.

My husband, and the Messrs. Durfee, arrived in Canandaigua at half past nine o'clock in the evening. The agent sent immediately for Mr. Stoddard and his friends, and they came without delay; but in order to make difficulty, they contended that it was after ten o'clock; however, not being able to sustain themselves upon this ground, they handed over the deed to Mr. Durfee, the high sheriff, who now became the possessor of the farm.

I stated before, that at the time Mr. Smith started to see Knight and Stoal, Joseph accompanied him. When he returned, Joseph also returned with him, and remained with us, until the

difficulty about the farm came to an issue; he then took leave for Pennsylvania, on the same business as before mentioned, and the next January returned with his wife, in good health and fine spirits.

Not long subsequent to his return, my husband had occasion to send him to Manchester, on business. As he set off early in the day, we expected him home at most by six o'clock in the evening, but when six o'clock came, he did not arrive. We always had a peculiar anxiety about him whenever he was absent, for it seemed as though something was always taking place to jeopardize his life. But to return. He did not get home till the night was far spent. On coming in, he threw himself into a chair, apparently much exhausted. My husband did not observe his appearance, and immediately exclaimed, "Joseph, why are you so late? has anything happened to you? we have been much distressed about you these three hours." As Joseph made no answer, he continued his interrogations, until, finally, I said, "Now, father, let him rest a moment—don't trouble him now—you see he is home safe, and he is very tired, so pray wait a little."

The fact was, I had learned to be a little cautious about matters with regard to Joseph, for I was accustomed to see him look as he did on that occasion, and I could not easily mistake the cause thereof.

Presently he smiled, and said in a calm tone, "I have taken the severest chastisement that I have ever had in my life."

My husband, supposing that it was from some of the neighbors, was quite angry, and observed, "I would like to know what business anybody has to find fault with you!"

"Stop, father, stop," said Joseph, "it was the angel of the Lord: as I passed by the hill of Cumorah, where the plates are, the angel met me, and said that I had not been engaged enough in the work of the Lord; that the time had come for the record to be brought forth; and that I must be up and doing, and set myself about the things which God had commanded me to do. But, father, give yourself no uneasiness concerning the reprimand which I have received, for I now know the course that I am to pursue, so all will be well."

It was also made known to him, at this interview, that he should make another effort to obtain the plates, on the twenty-

second of the following September, but this he did not mention to us at that time.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JOSEPH OBTAINS THE PLATES.

On the twentieth of September, Mr. Knight and his friend Stodal, came to see how we were managing matters with Stoddard and Co.; and they tarried with us until the twenty-second. On the night of the twenty-first, I sat up very late, as my work rather pressed upon my hands. I did not retire until after twelve o'clock at night. About twelve o'clock, Joseph came to me, and asked me if I had a chest with a lock and key. I knew in an instant what he wanted it for, and not having one, I was greatly alarmed, as I thought it might be a matter of considerable moment. But Joseph, discovering my anxiety, said, "Never mind, I can do very well for the present without it—be calm—all is right."

Shortly after this, Joseph's wife passed through the room with her bonnet and riding dress; and in a few minutes they left together, taking Mr. Knight's horse and wagon. I spent the night in prayer and supplication to God, for the anxiety of my mind would not permit me to sleep. At the usual hour, I commenced preparing breakfast. My heart fluttered at every footstep, as I now expected Joseph and Emma momentarily, and feared lest Joseph might meet with another disappointment.

When the male portion of the family were seated at the breakfast table, Mr. Smith inquired for Joseph, for he was not aware that he had left home. I requested my husband not to call him, for I would like to have him take breakfast with his wife that morning.

"No, no," said my husband; "I must have Joseph sit down here and eat with me."

"Well, now, Mr. Smith," continued I, "*do* let him eat with his wife *this* morning; he almost always takes breakfast with you."

His father finally consented, and ate without him, and no fur-

ther inquiries were made concerning his absence, but in a few minutes Mr. Knight came in quite disturbed.

"Why, Mr. Smith," exclaimed he, "my horse is gone, and I can't find him on the premises, and I wish to start for home in half an hour."

"Never mind the horse," said I. "Mr. Knight does not know all the nooks and corners in the pastures; I will call William; he will bring the horse immediately."

This satisfied him for the time being; but he soon made another discovery. His wagon also was gone. He then concluded that a rogue had stolen them both.

"Mr. Knight," said I, "do be quiet; I would be ashamed to have you go about waiting upon yourself—just go out and talk with Mr. Smith until William comes; and if you really must go home, your horse shall be brought, and you shall be waited upon like a gentleman." He accordingly went out, and while he was absent, Joseph returned.

I trembled so with fear, lest all might be lost in consequence of some failure in keeping the commandments of God, that I was under the necessity of leaving the room in order to conceal my feelings. Joseph saw this, and said, "Do not be uneasy, mother, all is right—see here, I have got a key."

I knew not what he meant, but took the article of which he spoke into my hands, and examined it. He took it again and left me, but said nothing respecting the Record.

In a short time he returned, and inquired of me in regard to getting a chest made. I told him to go to a certain cabinet-maker, who had made some furniture for my oldest daughter, and tell him that we would pay him for making a chest, as we did for the other work which he had done for us, namely, one half in cash and the other in produce.

Joseph remarked that he would do so, but that he did not know where the money would come from, for there was not a shilling in the house.

The following day, one Mr. Warner came to him, and told him that a widow by the name of Wells, who was living in Macedon, wanted some labor done in a well, for which she would pay the money, and that she was anxious to have him (Joseph) do this labor

for her. As this afforded us an opportunity to pay the cabinet maker for the chest, Joseph went immediately to the house of Mrs. Wells, and commenced work.

The next day after he left home, one of the neighbors asked Mr. Smith many questions concerning the plates. I will here observe, that no one ever heard anything from us respecting them, except a confidential friend, whom my husband had spoken to about them some two or three years previous. It appeared that Satan had now stirred up the hearts of those who had gotten a hint of the matter from our friend, to search into it, and make every possible move towards thwarting the purposes of the Almighty.

My husband soon learned that ten or twelve men were clubbed together, with one Willard Chase, a Methodist class-leader, at their head; and what was still more ridiculous, they had sent sixty or seventy miles for a certain conjuror, to come and divine the place where the plates were secreted.

We supposed that Joseph had taken the plates, and hid them somewhere, and we were apprehensive that our enemies might discover their place of deposit. Accordingly, the next morning, after hearing of their plans, my husband concluded to go among the neighbors to see what he could learn with regard to the plans of the adverse party. The first house he came to he found the conjuror and Willard Chase, together with the rest of the clan. Making an errand, he went in and sat down near the door, leaving it a little ajar, in order to overhear their conversation. They stood in the yard near the door, and were devising plans to find "Joe Smith's gold Bible," as they expressed themselves. The conjuror seemed much animated, although he had traveled sixty miles the day and night previous.

Presently, the woman of the house, becoming uneasy at the exposures they were making, stepped through a back door into the yard, and called to her husband, in a suppressed tone, but loud enough to be heard distinctly by Mr. Smith, "Sam, Sam, you are cutting your own throat." At this the conjuror bawled out at the top of his voice, "I am not afraid of anybody—we will have them plates in spite of Joe Smith or all the devils in hell."

When the woman came in again, Mr. Smith laid aside the

newspaper he had been holding in his hand and remarked, "I believe I have not time to finish reading the paper now." He then left the house, and returned home.

Mr. Smith, on returning home, asked Emma if she knew whether Joseph had taken the plates from their place of deposit, or if she was able to tell where they were. She said she could not tell where they were, or whether they were removed from their place. My husband then related what he had both seen and heard.

Upon this, Emma said that she did not know what to do, but she supposed if Joseph was to get the Record, he *would* get it, and that they would not be able to prevent him.

"Yes," replied Mr. Smith, "he will, if he is watchful and obedient; but remember, that for a small thing, Esau lost his birthright and his blessing. It may be so with Joseph."

"Well," said Emma, "if I had a horse, I would go and see him."

Mr. Smith then said, "You shall have one in fifteen minutes, for although my team is gone, there is a stray on the place, and I will send William to bring him immediately."

In a few minutes William brought up the horse with a large hickory withe around his neck (for it was according to law, to put a withe around the neck of a stray before turning it into an enclosure), and Emma was soon under way for Macedon.

Joseph kept the Urim and Thummim constantly about his person, by the use of which he could in a moment tell whether the plates were in any danger. Just before Emma rode up to Mrs. Wells, Joseph, from an impression that he had had, came up out of the well in which he was laboring, and met her not far from the house. Emma immediately informed him of what had transpired, whereupon he looked in the Urim and Thummim, and saw that the Record was as yet safe; nevertheless, he concluded to return with his wife, as something might take place that would render it necessary for him to be at home where he could take care of it.

He then told Mrs. Wells that business at home rendered it necessary for him to return. To this she did not agree at first, but finally consented. She then sent a boy for a horse, which Joseph mounted in his linen frock, and with his wife by his side on her

horse decorated as before with a hickory withe around his neck, he rode through the village of Palmyra, which was on the way home.

On arriving at home, he found his father pacing the ground near his door in great anxiety of mind. Joseph spoke to him, saying, "Father, there is no danger—all is perfectly safe—there is no cause of alarm."

When he had taken a little refreshment, he sent Carlos, my youngest son, to his brother Hyrum's, to have him come up immediately, as he desired to see him. When he came, Joseph requested him to get a chest, having a good lock and key, and to have it there by the time he (Joseph) should return. And after giving these instructions, Joseph started for the plates.

The plates were secreted about three miles from home, in the following manner: Finding an old birch log much decayed, excepting the bark, which was in a measure sound, he took his pocket knife and cut the bark with some care, then turned it back, and made a hole of sufficient size to receive the plates, and laying them in the cavity thus formed, he replaced the bark; after which he laid across the log, in several places, some old stuff that happened to lay near, in order to conceal, as much as possible, the place in which they were deposited.

Joseph, on coming to them, took them from their secret place, and, wrapping them in his linen frock, placed them under his arm and started for home.

After proceeding a short distance, he thought it would be more safe to leave the road and go through the woods. Traveling some distance after he left the road, he came to a large windfall, and as he was jumping over a log, a man sprang up from behind it and gave him a heavy blow with a gun. Joseph turned around and knocked him down, then ran at the top of his speed. About half a mile further he was attacked again in the same manner as before; he knocked this man down in like manner as the former, and ran on again; and before he reached home he was assaulted the third time. In striking the last one, he dislocated his thumb, which, however, he did not notice until he came within sight of the house, when he threw himself down in the corner of the fence in order to recover his breath. As soon as he

was able, he arose and came to the house. He was still altogether speechless from fright and the fatigue of running.

After resting a few moments, he desired me to send Carlos for my husband, Mr. Knight, and his friend Stoal, and have them go immediately and see if they could find the men who had been pursuing him. And after Carlos had done this, he wished to have him sent to Hyrum's, to tell him to bring the chest.

I did as I was requested, and when Carlos arrived at Hyrum's, he found him at tea, with two of his wife's sisters. Just as Hyrum was raising a cup to his mouth, Carlos touched his shoulder. Without waiting to hear one word from the child, he dropped the cup, sprang from the table, caught the chest, turned it upside down, and emptying its contents on the floor, left the house instantly with the chest on his shoulder.

The young ladies were greatly astonished at his singular behavior, and declared to his wife—who was then confined to her bed, her eldest daughter, Lovian, being but four days old—that he was certainly crazy.

His wife laughed heartily, and replied, "Oh, not in the least: he has just thought of something which he has neglected; and it is just like him to fly off in a tangent when he thinks of anything in that way."

When the chest came, Joseph locked up the Record, then threw himself upon the bed, and after resting a little, so that he could converse freely, he arose and went into the kitchen, where he related his recent adventure to his father, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Stoal, besides many others, who had by this time collected, with the view of hearing something in regard to the strange circumstance which had taken place. He showed them his thumb, saying, "I must stop talking, father, and get you to put my thumb in place, for it is very painful."

I will here mention that my husband, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Stoal went in pursuit of those villians who had attempted Joseph's life, but were not able to find them.

When Joseph first got the plates, the angel of the Lord stood by and said—

Now you have got the Record into your own hands, and you are but

a man, therefore you will have to be watchful and faithful to your trust, or you will be overpowered by wicked men; for they will lay every plan and scheme that is possible to get it away from you, and if you do not take heed continually, they will succeed. While it was in my hands, I could keep it, and no man had power to take it away! but now I give it up to you. Beware, and look well to your ways, and you shall have power to retain it, until the time for it to be translated.

That of which I spoke, which Joseph termed a key, was, indeed, nothing more nor less than the Urim and Thummim, and it was by this that the angel showed him many things which he saw in vision; by which also he could ascertain, at any time, the approach of danger, either to himself or the Record, and on account of which he always kept the Urim and Thummim about his person.

(To be continued.)

READ SLOWLY, AND THINK.

Does my life please God?
Am I studying my Bible daily?
Is there anyone I cannot forgive?
Have I ever won a soul to Christ?
Am I trying to bring my friends to Christ?
Have I ever had a direct answer to prayer?
Is there anything I cannot give up for Christ?
Just where am I making my greatest mistake?
How does my life look to those who are not Christians?
How many things do I put before my religious duties?
Have I ever tried giving one-tenth of my income to the Lord?
Is the world being made better or worse by my living in it?
Am I doing anything I would condemn in others?

—*Presbyterian Endeavorer.*

SOME OBJECTIONS TO THE BOOK OF MORMON ANSWERED.

BY H. B. ROBERTS.

Elder J. A. Glazier, writing from Auckland, New Zealand, under date of December 20, 1901, says:

A gentleman of this city has been studying the Book of Mormon, and has brought up some passages which evidently do not agree with the known facts. Any light on these passages which will enable me to make them harmonize with the Bible will be appreciated.

First, Alma 7: 10, says, Jesus would be born at Jerusalem.

Second, in Helaman 14: 20-27, and in I Nephi 19: 10, we read about three days of darkness which should cover "all the earth" and the isles of the sea at the crucifixion of the Savior. Neither the Bible nor history speaks of three days of darkness on the eastern hemisphere. Hence, it did not cover "all the earth," as we understand it.

Third, Outlines of Ecclesiastical History, by Elder B. H. Roberts, states on page 17, in the notes, that Jesus must have been born April 6. We learn from the Book of Mormon, III Nephi 2: 8, that the Nephites reckoned time from the appearance of the sign of the birth of Jesus; and in III Nephi 8: 5, we find he was crucified thirty-three years and four days after his birth, which would make the date of his crucifixion April 10, instead of April 6, as stated.

The gentleman referred to above is working on one of the daily papers here, and has it within his power to do us harm by publishing these statements from our books, which I do not feel competent to answer in a plain and satisfactory manner. Therefore, I trust it will not inconvenience you to favor me with a reply in the columns of the ERA or by letter.

The letter from which the foregoing excerpts are taken was

handed to me to answer through the ERA, and to that request I cheerfully respond.

I.

In the first place, let me remark in passing, that the gentleman in Auckland who, in studying the Book of Mormon, has come upon these supposed contradictions, has made no new discovery in the way of objections to the Book of Mormon. They are so old and have so often been repeated by objectors to the Book of Mormon, that they have about them a familiarity not unlike the refrain of some old song. These objections have been made almost from the time the Book of Mormon was first published to the world. Take the first item, for instance, about Jesus being born "*at Jerusalem.*" Alexander Campbell, the founder of the sect of the "Disciples," or "Christians," more commonly called "Campbellites," as early as February 10, 1831, before the Book of Mormon had been in print quite one year, made this same objection, only he charged that the Book of Mormon said that Jesus was born "*in Jerusalem.*" And as it is well known that Jesus was born at Bethlehem, a village some four miles south of Jerusalem, there is supposed to be a contradiction between the Book of Mormon and the known facts. As a matter of fact, however, the Book of Mormon neither says that Jesus was born "*in Jerusalem*" nor "*at Jerusalem.*" What it does say is—and I quote the passage cited in the communication here under consideration, viz., Alma 7: 10—"Behold he shall be born of Mary, at Jerusalem, *which is the land of our forefathers.*" Not the *city* of our fathers, mark you, but the "*land of our forefathers.*" There can be no question in the world but what the Nephite historian is stating the "land" of Messiah's birth, not the city of his nativity; and that being conceded—as it must be by every fair-minded critic—the supposed contradiction between the Book of Mormon statement and the known facts in the case disappear at once.

This explanation of the supposed difficulty is further strengthened when it is remembered that it was a custom of the Nephites to name large districts of country—such districts as might correspond to provinces and principalities in other nationalities—after the chief city of the land:

And now it was the custom of the people of Nephi to call their lands, and their cities, and their villages, yea, even all their small villages, by the name of him who first possessed them; and thus it was with the land of Ammoniah.—Alma 8: 7.

And hence, too, came the practice of calling large districts of country after the chief city therein; and in this same book of Alma—as throughout the Book of Mormon—we have the city named after the man who founded it, and the district of country named from the chief city, thus: “The land of Zarahemla;” “the land of Melek;” “the land of Ammonihah;” “the land of Gideon;” “the land of Lehi-Nephi, or the city of Lehi-Nephi;” and so on *ad infinitum*. It became a habit of speech with them, especially with reference to Jerusalem, from whence their forefathers came, as witness the following few out of many such quotations that could be given:

I shall give this people a name that they may be distinguished above all the people which the Lord God hath brought out of the land of Jerusalem.—Mosiah 1: 11.

That same God has brought our fathers out of the land of Jerusalem.—Mosiah 7: 20.

Why not show himself in this land as well as in the land of Jerusalem.—Helaman 16: 19.

Hence when it is said that Jesus should be born “at Jerusalem, which is the land of our forefathers,” the Nephite writer merely conformed to a habit of speech, and meant the land of Jerusalem, not the city.

II.

What is said on the objection just considered, will show the importance of carefully examining the language of the Book of Mormon objected to in any case; for it is seldom treated fairly by those who make the exceptions to it. This holds with equal force to the second objection here to be considered. The objection as stated by our correspondent, in brief, and pointedly, is—The Book of Mormon says that at the crucifixion of Messiah there will be three days of darkness that will cover all the face of the earth and the isles of the sea. History and the Bible are silent about such an event;

therefore, the Book of Mormon makes a false statement and must itself be untrue, and, consequently, uninspired, and is not at all what it claims to be—viz., a record of the ancient inhabitants of America, and brought forth by the power of God for the enlightenment and instruction of the world.

This objection, as put by our correspondent, differs a little from the ordinary manner in which it is stated by objectors. They usually try to make it appear that the Book of Mormon's statement that there were three *days* darkness at the crucifixion, is in conflict with the New Testament statement that there were *three hours* darkness only, at that time; but the fact that the New Testament statement refers to an event that took place while Jesus hung upon the cross in Judea, and the Book of Mormon's statement refers to an event that took place after his crucifixion, and in the western hemisphere, it must be apparent that there is no conflict of statements in this regard between the two records.

But now to meet the objection as presented by the gentleman of New Zealand. All that is necessary is to present just exactly what the Book of Mormon does say with reference to the three days of darkness:

The God of our fathers * * * yieldeth himself, according to the words of the angel, as a man into the hands of wicked men to be lifted up according to the words of Zenock, and to be crucified according to the words of Neum, and to be buried in a sepulchre, according to the words of Zenos, which he spake, concerning *the three days of darkness, which should be a sign given of his death, unto those who should inhabit the isles of the sea*; more especially given unto those who are of the House of Israel.—I Nephi 19: 10.

This is one of the passages quoted respecting the three days of darkness; but, mark you, there is nothing here about the three days of darkness extending over the whole face of the earth. It speaks of it as extending to the isles of the sea; to those more especially inhabited by the house of Israel; clearly intimating that it would not extend to all the isles of the sea. In passing, and merely by the way, it may be interesting to call attention to the fact that here are three

Hebrew prophets referred to by Nephi—Zenock, Neum and Zenos—each of whom had recorded an important prophecy respecting the coming and mission of Christ; and had not the Jews eliminated the books of these prophets from their collection of Scripture, it could not then have been said, as it is now said, that the Bible is silent respecting these three days of darkness, which were to be a sign of Messiah's death; for then they would have had the words of Zenos that there was to be such a sign given in the isles of the sea, inhabited by the house of Israel.

Behold, as I said unto you concerning another sign, a sign of his death, behold in that day that he shall suffer death, the sun shall be darkened and refuse to give his light unto you, and also the moon, and the stars; and there shall be *no light upon the face of this land*, even from the time that he shall suffer death, for the space of three days, to the time that he shall rise again from the dead. * * * And behold thus hath the angel * * * said unto me, that these things should be, that *darkness should cover the face of the whole earth for the space of three days*. And the angel said unto me, that many shall see greater things than these, to the intent that they might believe *that these signs and these wonders should come to pass upon all the face of this land*.—Helaman 14: 20-28.

This is the other passage quoted in the communication under consideration; and in it is found the phrase, "*that darkness should cover the face of the whole earth for the space of three days*." But it should be remembered that this is preceded by a statement concerning the three days darkness that limits this otherwise general statement, namely, "*and there shall be no light upon the face of this land*"—meaning America—"for the space of three days." This clearly limits the particular sign under consideration to America and the adjacent islands of the sea, in other words, to the western hemisphere. Moreover, the phrase, "*that darkness should cover the face of the whole earth*," is followed as well as preceded by the limiting clause—"these signs and these wonders"—namely, the three hours of tempest and of earthquake followed by the three days of darkness—"should come to pass upon all the face of this land"—meaning, of course, America.

Then again, when the prophecy is left and you turn to the

history of its fulfillment, the whole of the thrilling narrative is clearly confined to the statement of events that occurred in the lands occupied by the Nephites—that is, to the western hemisphere. Yet in that narrative is found the same form of expression as in the prophecy of Samuel, the Lamanite. While describing events that are clearly confined to Nephite lands, Mormon says: “And thus *the face of the whole earth became deformed* because of the tempests and the thunderings and the lightnings. * * * And behold the rocks were rent in twain; they were broken up *upon all the face of the whole earth.*”—(III Nephi 8: 17, 18.) Now, did the prophet really mean that the convulsions he was describing extended to Europe and Asia and Africa because he said the rocks were “*broken up upon the face of the whole earth*”? No; you limit the general expression here by the facts of the whole circumstance under consideration, so that “broken up upon the face of the whole earth,” means upon the face of the whole earth so far as the Nephite lands are concerned—that is the limitation of the general phrase.

As an example of this kind of interpretation, allow me to introduce a passage or two from the Bible. Daniel, in giving the interpretation of the king of Babylon’s dream, says:

Thou, O king, *art* a king of kings: for the God of heaven hath given thee a kingdom, power, and strength, and glory. *And wheresoever the children of men dwell, the beasts of the field and the fowls of the heaven hath he given into thine hand, and hath made thee ruler over them all. Thou art this head of gold.*

Does this prophecy really mean “wheresoever the children of men dwell,” there, too, was the rule and dominion of Nebuchadnezzar? Did he rule all of Europe and Africa! Did his dominion extend to the western hemisphere, for there the children of men dwelt as well as in Asia? It is a matter of common information that Nebuchadnezzar’s dominion was not thus extended, but really was quite limited. What, then? Shall we reject the prophecies of Daniel because a strict and technical construction of his language does not meet the facts?

Again he says, speaking of the political powers that would succeed Babylon:

And after thee shall arise another kingdom inferior to thee, and another third kingdom of brass, *which shall bear rule over all the earth.*

This third kingdom is generally agreed to have reference to the kingdom of Alexander; but did Alexander "bear rule over all the earth?" Did he bear rule over the western hemisphere? No; nor did he know of its existence. What, then, shall we do with this inspired prophet who says he "shall bear rule over all the earth?" Shall we reject him and his book? Or say that his statements do not agree with the facts? That were absurd. The particular phrase is limited by the general circumstances under which the prophet was speaking. That is the course taken by all who believe the book of Daniel, and it is a course amply justified by reason.

Again, it is recorded in Luke, speaking of the events which happened during the crucifixion of the Savior:

And it was about the sixth hour, and there was a *darkness over all the earth* until the ninth hour.

Did this inspired writer really have in mind the whole round earth, or was he speaking with reference to what happened right there in Judea where the main event occurred? Undoubtedly he had reference to what had been stated to him by the eye witnesses of the scene, who merely related what appeared to them; namely, that a darkness settled down over the land, but they were not thinking of the face of the whole earth when they told the story to Luke, nor was he when he wrote his statement of the event.

One other example:

Be not moved away from the hope of the gospel, which ye have heard, and which was *preached to every creature under heaven*; whereof I Paul am a minister.—Col. 1: 23.

Is this statement of Paul's literally true? Had the gospel at that time, or, for matter of that, has it at any time since then, been preached *unto every creature under heaven*? Certainly not. And when Paul wrote his letter to the Colossians there were millions of the children of men, as there are to this day, who never had heard of Messiah or the gospel. Paul could only have meant by

this over-statement of the matter, that the gospel had been very generally preached in the kingdoms and provinces with which himself and the Colossians were acquainted; and no one thinks of rejecting Paul or his books because of such seeming inaccuracies. His use of such broad-sweeping phrases are interpreted in the light of reason, and limited by the well known circumstances under which he wrote. It should be remembered in this connection, that hyperbole is a habit of speech with oriental peoples, to whom the Jews belonged; and indirectly, too, the Nephites are descendants of the same people, and have retained to a large extent the same habits of expression; all of which should be taken into account in the interpretation of the Nephite records as it always is in exegeses of the Hebrew scriptures.

We do not ask for the Book of Mormon immunity from criticism. We beg no questions in its interests. It is before the world for its inspection; let them analyze it as severely as they choose, and criticize it as thoroughly as they can; we shall only ask that the same canons of good sense and right reason be applied in that criticism as are employed in the criticism of other sacred books.

III.

Relative to the third item of objection, I must be briefer in its treatment. The passage in the "Outlines" referred to is a note on page seventeen, in which it is argued that the data which, in the judgment of the author, best fixes the time of the birth of Messiah is the opening paragraph of Section XX of the Doctrine and Covenants, which says:

The rise of the Church of Christ in these last days, being one thousand eight hundred and thirty years since the coming of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ in the flesh, it being regularly organized and established agreeable to the laws of our country * * * in the fourth month and on the sixth day of the month which is called April.

The argument on this is that if the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized one thousand eight hundred and thirty years since the coming of our Lord and Savior in the flesh, then the 6th of April must have been the anniversary of the

Savior's birthday. If the organization of the Church had been before or subsequent to that date, if only by one or any number of days, the great event, strictly speaking, would have been more or less than one thousand eight hundred and thirty years. This argument and the statement of fact upon which it is based, is further strengthened by a remark in the "History of the Prophet," but which does not appear in the "Outlines," viz.: In giving an account of a meeting of the Saints who assembled near Independence, Jackson county, Missouri, on the 6th of April, 1833, to celebrate the third anniversary of this organization of the Church, the Prophet says:

The day was spent in a very agreeable manner, in giving and receiving knowledge which appertained to this last kingdom. *It being just 1800 years since the Savior laid down His life that man might have everlasting life*, and only three years since the Church had come out of the wilderness, preparatory for the last dispensation.—*Millennial Star*, vol xiv, p. 388.

These two passages, if strictly construed, fix exactly the day and year of the Savior's birth and also the day and year of His crucifixion. This is the opinion of the author of the "Outlines;" whether it appeals to others or not is a matter for them to decide for themselves. It has no other authority behind it than the reasonableness of the argument based upon the stated facts. Should it turn out to be untrue, it in no way invalidates the truth of God's great latter-day work; and no Elder is bound by it as doctrine; he is not called upon to defend it as part of the gospel, nor any other statement or argument of that book, or any other book which the writer or any other author has written. Only those books which are held by the Church to be Scripture—the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants, the Pearl of Great Price—are the Elders bound to defend. These books have been accepted by the Church as containing the word of God, and these books the Elders at home and abroad should maintain as absolutely true. As for the rest, they may be very useful and instructive, but are not of the same dignity as the four books named, and are only acceptable as they agree with our books of

Scripture. This, however, is a digression, and is only said by the way.

Now to return. The conclusion is reached that the statement and argument in the "Outlines" comes in conflict with statements in the Book of Mormon. The Book of Mormon says that nine years after a certain sign of the birth of Christ had been given, the Nephites began to reckon their time from that event, the sign of Christ's birth.—III Nephi 2: 8. There was given them also a sign of His crucifixion, viz., tremendous earthquakes, and tempests to be followed by three days of darkness.

And now it came to pass, if there was no mistake made by this man [the one who kept the Nephite records], in the reckoning of our time, the thirty and third year had passed away, and the people began to look with great earnestness for the sign which had been given by the Prophet Samuel, the Lamanite; yea, for the time that there should be darkness for the space of three days over the face of the land. * * * And it came to pass in the thirty and fourth year, in the first month, in the fourth day of the month, there arose a great storm, such an one as had never been known in all the land. (III Nephi).

Then follows a description of the earthquakes and the three days darkness which was the sign to them of Messiah's crucifixion. But this is said to have occurred in the thirty-fourth year, in the first month, and on the fourth day of the month from the time the sign of Messiah's birth, and hence Jesus must have been thirty-three years and three days old (for since the Nephites reckoned their time from the day the sign of Christ's birth was given, they reckoned from one day before His birth, which is here dropped) instead of just thirty-three years old—a discrepancy of three days.

There are two things which make it impossible for any opponent of the Book of Mormon to gain any advantage by this seeming discrepancy:

First: He must prove that there was no mistake made by the Nephite historian who kept the Nephite records at that time; for the correctness of the time fixed in Mormon's abridgement of III Nephi for the appearance of the sign of Messiah's crucifixion as being in the thirty-fourth year, first month, and fourth day of the

month, from the sign of Christ's birth, is predicated upon, "if there was no mistake made by this man [the recorder]," then the time was thirty-three years and four days. But who may at present determine absolutely whether there was or was not a mistake in his reckoning?

Second: The objector must make it clear, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, that the Nephite method of computing time is identical with ours before he can establish his contradiction. Can he do that? We allow 365 days for every year, except that every fourth year we add one day to make up the difference which accumulates during the four years between civil and astronomical time. Did the Nephites do the same? Or did they follow the Hebrew method, or the Egyptian? Or did they have a system of their own? From the best authorities it would appear that the Mexicans, descendants of the Lamanites, allowed 365 days to the year, but every 52 years they added 13 intercalary days, which practically reduced their system to the same as that followed by us, only the intercalary days were not added until the lapse of 52 years, whereas we add an intercalary day ever four years. But was this a custom of the Nephites or of the Lamanites only? It is impossible to tell.

Until the objector to the Book of Mormon can show absolutely what the method of the Nephites was for computing the year, and then can prove by comparison of data that there is a conflict between the statements and the argument made in the "Outlines" and the Book of Mormon, he will not make anything by this particular objection, either to the Book of Mormon or to the argument set forth in the "Outlines."

And now in conclusion, a word upon this closing paragraph of the communication here considered. Namely, that the gentleman who brings forth these old objections to the Book of Mormon "has it within his power to do us harm by publishing these statements from our books." You must pardon me, but I don't believe it. I am a strong believer in Paul's doctrine that men can do nothing against the truth, but for it. That is, the efforts of men against the truth under the providences of God will be turned ultimately to its advantage, whatever of temporary inconvenience in the interim may have to be endured. The publication of these supposed

contraditions in our books will but advertise the work, lead men to investigate it whose attention, perhaps, would not otherwise be attracted to it; and investigation means being brought in contact with "Mormonism," and will afford opportunity for the spirit of the Lord to whisper to the hearts of such men and women that the work is divine, and thus the work of the ministry would be helped. Neither the gentleman in question nor any other man can harm this work, or the Book of Mormon. These old objections have been urged time and again during the last three-quarters of a century, but the Book of Mormon still holds its ground uninjured by the assaults made upon it; unharmed by objections made to it. It is being published in a constantly increasing number of nations, and is being accepted by the honest in heart, to whom the Spirit of God is bearing testimony that the book is true, and of divine origin.

BE STRONG.

Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.

We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.

Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be strong!

Say not the days are evil—Who's to blame?

And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shamè!

Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!

It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,

How hard the battle goes, the day, how long,

Faint not, fight on. Tomorrow comes the song.

—*Selected.*

THE CASTLE BUILDER.

BY NEPHI ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "ADDED UPON," "MARCUS KING,
MORMON," ETC.

PART FIRST.

VI.

LIFE OF THE NORWEGIAN FISHERMAN.

During the following months, Harald served his apprenticeship to the calling of a fisherman. The fall fishing was good, and Uncle Erik was on the sea most of his time. Harald was with him, as they sailed from fjord to fjord, following the fish in their movements. During these trips, Harald received a share in the catch, the proceeds of which gave him more money than he had ever had before. Two weeks prior to Christmas, he sent the most of it to his grandmother, telling her to use it for her comfort—not by any means to save it, as he was going to earn more.

Preparations for the trip to Lofoten, now occupied most of the time of the inhabitants of Nordland. Harald entered enthusiastically into the work. His uncle was a line fisher, and his greatest anxiety was to secure the required amount of small herring for bait. For this purpose, they sailed in the wind, and rowed during still weather in and out of every corner, following every indication of herring. It was nearly time to start for Lofoten before they had secured enough.

On shore, there was life also. Lines and nets must be repaired; the boats overhauled; chests, ropes, sails, oars, and the hundred and one other needed articles must be looked after. Hired help had to be engaged. The women folks were kept just

as busy. The house was alive with their clatter, their gossip, their laughter, their singing, as they worked. Stacks of *fladbrod* must be baked; loaves of black ryebread, and cakes of wheat-flour were to be baked in the brick oven; the men's clothing must be patched and mended; great, thick stockings and mittens, knit. The girls worked until perspiration stood upon their rosy faces; the mother oversees, and prepares and packs. The grandmother, if there be one, sits in the corner, out of the way, and knits.

The Christmas holidays were celebrated in the usual Nordland manner, and then, about the middle of January, all were ready for Lofoten. Just before starting, Harald received a package from grandmother, containing a pair of thick stockings and a pair of woolen mittens. The mittens for the Lofoten fisherman's use, should have two thumbs, so that when one side becomes wet, it can be slipped off the hand, and turned around to the dry side; but, of course, grandmother knew nothing about such a contrivance. They were warm and serviceable, even if they had but one thumb each. With the package came a letter, and within the letter was another letter written very neatly on a piece of smoother, white, birch-bark.

It read as follows:

VANGEN, January 10, 18—

Friend Harald Einersen:

Grandmother often comes to see me. She is well, as we all are. Nordland must be a strange country, and the fishing at Lofoten very interesting. Will you not write and tell me all about your trip to the islands?

Respectfully,

THORA BERNHARD.

Harald certainly would. He provided himself with writing material, and from Lofoten sent a long letter to Thora. This is the communication:

KASTFJORD, LOFOTEN, January 30, 18—

Friend Thora Bernhard:

Many thanks for your birch-bark letter. As the day is too stormy to fish, I will begin my answer to you, telling you about my trip hither, and what I have done so far. We left Sandstad, on January 20. A large crowd of fishers gathered at Uncle Erik's place preparatory

to starting. There were forty-two men in our company. We had to wait two days for a favorable wind, but it came on the morning of the 20th. Then, after a hurried meal, goodbyes were said, and we jumped into the boats. The partings were quite sad in some cases, because, no one knows what might happen before the fishers' return, and some may never come back at all.

We had a favorable wind, most of the distance. One day, the breeze failed us altogether, and then you should have seen us all at the oars. The whole fleet took part in the race. I never worked so hard in my life, but our boat was not in the lead when the wind caught us again. The weather was pleasant, so everybody said, though I don't call snow storms and hurricanes pleasant weather, especially when one is in an open boat on the sea. The days are very short now, and we could not travel very far each day; though, sometimes when the moon shone bright, we kept on our way all night. My, how sleepy I became!

We have in our boat Uncle Erik, Cousin Johan, a hired man, Jens by name, and myself. Some of the boats have four and a half men, and others have five—boys are counted as half-men—Uncle Erik does not count me that way, however.

On dark and stormy nights, we managed to anchor at some port where we could get shelter on land. One night, we were part of a company consisting of nearly one hundred men packed into a warehouse, much like herrings in a barrel. Most of us were wet when we landed, but the night was so cold that our clothing was frozen stiff in the morning—Grandmother's warm stockings came in handy.

Cousin John is a good fellow. He is not so rough and wild as many of the other fishermen. He assists me to understand this strange life, and the best way to overcome difficulties. I must tell you that I have visited at his home a number of times. He has a wife, my cousin Maria, and two children. They have such a cosy home.

When we arrived at this place, the houses which have been built here for the accommodation of the fishermen during the fishing season, were nearly snowed under; but, in a short time, we had paths shoveled and we moved into them. The first thing we did was to build a good fire in the stove, and open door and window that the dampness might be driven out. Then we had a cooked supper, after which we scrubbed the floor with snow. We have done very little fishing. The weather is quite rough, and, as the cod have not arrived in great numbers yet, we are not doing much.

February 7th.

Since writing last, we have done some fishing, and I will tell you

about it. This station has now some three hundred boats, and over a thousand men. The fish have come in great numbers, and you might imagine what a stir there is. There are many government regulations regarding the fishing, by which each fisher is to have an equal chance. One of these rules is that no boat must leave the harbor for the fishing grounds until the signal is given, which is done by the hoisting of a flag. But then you should see us! It is hardly daylight yet, but away we go, rowing as if for life. There are racing, challenging, laughing, singing, and, sometimes, swearing. The sea gulls fly in circles over the fleet, uttering their harsh cries. Daylight comes, and we are at length on the banks, or fishing grounds, which are at present quite a distance out.

Then we set our lines. Each line contains about three thousand baited hooks. Two of us are at the oars, while one lets out the lines. When these are all set properly, we go to work hauling in the lines, which were set the day before. Two men haul in, one stands with a short, bent, steel spike fastened into a handle, and with it helps each big, shining cod into the boat. Another man counts the fish, and stores them in their proper place. Sometimes our lines get tangled with others, then we have a great time to pick out our fish from those of our neighbor's. This work requires all the daylight we have. If the wind is favorable, we can get to shore again about six o'clock; but, if we have to row, it sometimes takes us until nine or ten; but our day's work is not over yet. The fish must be disposed of, and our lines made ready for the next day. Some sell their fish, some hang them to dry, and sell only the livers, the eggs and the heads. It is often midnight before we get something to eat and then go to bed. Thus we labor day after day. We could not endure it long, were it not for the stormy days that occur two or three times a week, when we all remain on land to rest. We then sleep half the day, visit our neighbors, gossip, read the newspapers, sing songs, provide ourselves with food—and—and write long letters to young ladies at home.

February 20th.

Another stormy day. Uncle is sleeping, Johan is very much interested in politics, and is reading Bjornson's latest article, and Jens is off visiting. I am writing—isn't that news for you? In reading over what I last wrote, I see that it is about the life on the sea. You might also be interested in life on the shore.

Our house is located about a stone's throw from the water. To get into our living room, you would have to go into the entre and through an aisle, barrels of all kinds being stacked up on each side, with fish ines hanging from the roof. Once inside, you would see the rusty stove

near one wall; while against two others, the bunks or beds are built. By the window stands the table, and under it are three empty butter kegs—the fourth I am sitting on. That is about all the furniture. When we get home at night, the first thing we do is to rid ourselves of our heavy fisher-boots, and put on our warm, dry, wooden shoes. Then we tumble into the bunks and rest a bit until supper is cooked. We always have fresh fish for supper. For dessert we have fish *molje*. With all your knowledge of cookery, you will not know what that is. At first I could not eat it, but now—well, I must describe it to you. You may wish to try it.

Fill a kettle about half full of broken *fladbrod*. Pour over it hot fish soup, and let it stand until the bread is well soaked. Then pour most of the soup off, and stir the whole until it becomes something like mush. Then stir in the fat from a number of cod livers. Sweeten it with syrup, and make it tart with vinegar. Don't forget to stir all the time. Note: If any of the above mentioned ingredients are missing, don't try to eat it.

Johan has awakened Uncle Erik by his reading aloud; and, as there is now a warm political discussion—Uncle believes in the party of the Right and Johan belongs to the Left—I shall have to quit writing for today.

February 28th.

Sunday. What a blessing to rest! We have had a hard week. The fish move about from place to place around the islands, and the fishers try to follow. So last week we had big fishing, and great crowds of men. It makes a wonderful stir when thousands of men congregate in such a small place as this. * * * * *

Cousin Johan came in as I began writing today, and wished me to go to church with him. I have just come back, and I don't know how well I shall be able to write, because something occurred in the church which has affected me strangely. We have meetings here every Sunday, and sometimes, on stormy days. I usually go. Johan scarcely ever goes. The preacher, today, was the well-known Pastor Bange. The house was crowded with fishermen. The pastor gave us the usual talk about the grace of God saving us all, if we but believe in Christ, and how we can do nothing of ourselves, in regard to our salvation. It was all very pleasant, I thought. After the sermon, privilege was given persons present to bear testimony, and in a moment, Cousin Johan was on his feet. The church was still as death—most of those present knew of Johan's unbelief, and his poor standing as a Christian.

"I should like you to explain, dear pastor," began Johan in his quiet

unhesitating way, "the Apostle James' expression that 'faith without works is dead;' also what is meant by the scriptural saying that all men shall be judged 'according to their works,' and that God 'will render to every man according to his deeds.' For my part, I agree with the Apostle. By God's grace the Kastfjord may be full of cod, but what profiteth it, if we do not gather them in; yes, take advantage of God's grace by long, hard work on our part."

Seating himself, a subdued hum swept through the room. Then the pastor arose again; I thought he was a little pale, but he smiled and was very calm. I scarcely heard what he said, he spoke so low, and I was myself so astonished at Cousin Johan; but I caught something about infant baptism, confirmation, and the sacrament being the works needed—the means whereby the grace of God is delivered to us. I'll admit, I was somewhat disappointed in the answer. It has all muddled me, and I hardly know what to think about it. Perhaps you can explain it to me. You stood at the head of your class, you remember, while I was only fourth.

March 3rd.

The fishing has become poor here, and we are to move to Vagsund; so I will close this letter, and mail it today. Kind regards to grandmother, all other friends, and to yourself, from

Your friend,

HARALD EINERSEN.

VII.

HARALD'S THRILLING ADVENTURE ON THE SEA.

Vagsund lay under the steep wall of one of Lofoten's outermost islands. The fishing station itself was quite well protected, but the fishing grounds were some miles out from land directly in the sweep of the fierce Arctic storms which came rushing up the open Westfjord. Erik Svensen and his company found good fishing at Vagsund, although the weather was often so rough that they could not put to sea. It became colder, too. Fierce snowstorms often caught the home-coming boats, and sometimes made it difficult to land. But fish they must, if possible; and the Nordland fisherman cares little for the state of the weather, if there is fish to be caught. However, at Lofoten, the government has instituted a strict supervision; and, on stormy days, the flag is not raised; that means, "Stay on land—no fishing today."

During these lay-on-land days, Harald and Johan had many

chats together. Harald found something attractive in his cousin. He enjoyed listening to the latter's talk, which always seemed so sensible, and straight-forward, for he had some ideas on politics and government in general which the young man thought were indeed fine. Johan did not often "talk fish," as did the other men, nor did he usually join in the common gossip of the crowd. He had attended school only very little. He had not even been confirmed, which made him quite a heathen, in the eyes of many who knew it. It was told of him that the winter before, Pastor Bange had gone privately to him and offered to confirm him if he would come to the school of the priest and learn the catechism; but Johan Bernsen did not attend the school; and whether or not he learned the catechism, he was not confirmed.

Johan, however, was a great reader, and he made good use of the library furnished the Lofoten fishermen. One stormy day in March, Johan lay in his bunk reading aloud, while Harald mended lines. Uncle Erik and Jens were out.

Suddenly Johan closed his book with a bang, took his pipe from the shelf, relit it, but said nothing for a time.

"Well?" enquired Harald.

"Harald," he asked "you are not going to be a fisherman all your life?"

"I don't know. I may be."

"Don't you do it."

"Why?"

"This fishing business is a dog's life. It's slavery of the worst kind. What advancement can one make? I never saw a fisherman yet that did not have to work like a slave for a bare living. You've got to get out of this. Make a little to begin with, and then become a merchant, a fish buyer or something. If I could only obtain credit at Bergen for a year, I would come out on top—but say, Harald, why don't you go to school?"

"Why, I've been to school; was confirmed nearly four years ago."

"Tut, you were confirmed! I know. That means you have completed your education! Nonsense, you had just begun. I wish I were in possession of your chances, you wouldn't see me catching cod all my life."

"What would you do?"

"First, I would go to the high school at Tromso, and then to the University at Christiania." Johan arose to a sitting position, placed his pipe back on the shelf, and picked up the book again. "This is a history, a history of Norway. I know it quite well now, but I would learn all there is to learn about that subject. Then I would study the law—one must know something about that—and then, I might have to teach school a while, but not long. I would get into *Stortinget** somehow. I tell you my boy, this country of ours has a glorious future. We are not going to be lorded over by a king much longer. We're going to be a republic, Harald, a free republic like the states in America. We are Norsemen, and we are going to be free in name as well as in fact. O, it makes my blood boil when I think of how we—sons of the Vikings of old, who made all Europe tremble—of how we sit quietly under the rule of a Frenchman! Of a Frenchman, think of it! We might tolerate one of Harald Haarfagre's descendants, but a Frenchman—!"

Harald let the lines lay in a tangle while he listened. Johan jumped from the bunk, walked back and forth, and then he laughed quietly as if to himself.

"I don't often break out like that, though I feel like it many times. I am visionary, perhaps, but I can't help being as God has made me."

Johan went to his clothes box under his bunk, took out a Bible, pulled a butter keg from under the table and sat down.

"When I get worked up like that, I always read my Bible. That quiets me again."

"I thought you didn't believe in the Bible much," said Harald.

"Believe in it! Of course, I do. I believe in it more than Pastor Bange does. Let me read to you some of Christ's Sermon on the Mount. I think that is so grand."

The fisherman read, in his rich, deep-toned voice, while the young man listened. Certainly some deeper meanings were brought out even by the way it was read. After a half hour's reading, Johan closed the book and began talking again.

* The Norwegian law-making body.

"So, you do not think I am religious," he said, much more quietly than when his theme was political, "but I claim to be quite religious. I believe in God, I believe in Jesus Christ, I believe in the doctrine, which he taught, but I do not believe much of the stuff that is preached now-a-days. It seems to me that the religion of the preachers—and they are pretty much all alike—is so unreal, so unreasonable, so out of harmony with everything else in life that I can't comprehend it. My notion of religion is that it should be a divine essence that permeates all things—yet that does not define it. It should be something we could not put on and off, as the priest does his surplice. It should not be apart from nature, from science or from any known truth, but should harmonize with them all. It should be something that every man could mix with his daily life. It should smile from the flower; sing from the brook; shine from the stars in heaven; encompass the whole human family, past, present, and future; be the safety anchor in every storm; the Father-whisper to the son, and it should answer some of my soul's innermost questions on the mystery of my being."

Stamping the snow from his feet, Jens came in and announced that the storm had nearly ceased, that there were prospects of fishing on the morrow. That night Harald could hardly sleep. Johan's talk had disturbed him, had seemingly stirred some deep feeling within him. His thoughts were very much in a muddle, and he was glad when at length the gray dawn appeared.

But the storm was not over, though it lulled towards noon. Some of the fishermen were fretful, showing anxiety about their lines and nets. The flag was hoisted after dinner, but not many went out. Some said that the flagman had made a mistake, as the storm was not yet over.

Johan, Harald, and Jens went out to take in yesterday's lines. Uncle Erik would not go; not that he feared the sea, but he was not well. The wind blew from the land, and they were not long in reaching their lines which were well out in the open fjord; but the storm had driven them so that they had become entangled with others. They were, however, full of fish and must be hauled. The men worked hard that whole afternoon. The sky cleared, but the wind blew, strong and cold. The waves rolled high, their

white crests frequently breaking into the boat. The cold increased as night came on, yet the men silently and earnestly continued their labors.

The stars were out when the boat was ready to return. The wind blew more fiercely than ever from the land, and it became steadily colder. The boat had become coated with ice, both inside and along the top railing. It was, therefore, heavy, and clumsily and slowly moved along its zig-zag course. When the men had finished their work, they were tired and sat down to rest. In a few minutes, their clothing was frozen stiff, and icicles hung from hair and beard. The spray seemed to freeze on their faces.

Still the cold increased. The boat became heavier with ice. Night came on. The sky was a deep blue, studded with diamond stars. The sea, of the same color, was nearly hidden under its covering of white-caps.

"We must not sit still," said Harald, "we will die in this cold. Here, let me steer, while you work at the oars."

Johan did not answer. Harald reached for the oars, but found them frozen fast to the boat! He, however, chopped two of them loose and gave one to each of the others.

"No," said Johan, "you and Jens use them. I will steer."

"But you'll freeze to death, Johan, sitting still. Let me steer a while."

So Harald took his turn at the tiller, while Johan and Jens worked at the oars. It was nearly impossible to do anything with them, so heavy and clumsy were they with encrusted ice. In twenty minutes, both oars had been lost in the sea, and Johan went back to the tiller.

Both Johan and Jens produced brandy flasks from their pockets. The bottle which Jens had was nearly empty, as he had taken drinks from it during the afternoon, but that which Johan handed to Harald was nearly full.

"Drink," said Johan, "drink and get warm!"

Harald had never yet tasted strong drink, and he hesitated remembering his father's words, as he took the flask; but there could be no harm in taking a little now, if it would help keep him warm—and the marrow seemed to be freezing in his bones. But Johan needed it more than he. Johan must sit by the tiller. He

could move about. Harald put the flask to his lips and took a small sip. The liquor made a stinging sensation in his mouth.

"Johan, you must have the rest. I can move about and keep warm. Jens, man, get up; don't lie there, you'll freeze to death!"

Jens had fallen into the boat, and lay in a stupor. Harald tried to shake him into action, but it was useless. He then lifted him bodily, and tried to have him move about, but the instant Harald let go his hold, Jens would lie down again.

"Shift the sail," said Johan, "we must tack." The ropes were like bars of iron, and it was nearly impossible to do anything with them; but it was movement, anyway, and in movement lay his only hope. The lights from the fishermen's houses could be seen, twinkling now and then above the heaving sea. The distant roar of the waves, dashing themselves into spray against the rocks could be heard. The boat crept slowly on. It would take an hour yet to reach the shore.

Harald felt drowsiness stealing over him. He knew what that meant. Perhaps he could get another swallow of brandy; Jens lay still, and Harald searched for his flask. He found it clenched in the dying man's hand, but it was empty. Harald had no desire to try to arouse Jens. He moved up to the tiller where Johan sat.

"Have you any brandy left, Johan, I'm terribly cold?"

Johan did not answer. Harald shook his cousin fiercely. "Get up," he shouted, "get up, and move. Oh, Johan, wake up, don't sit there and die! Remember Maria and the children."

But the steerman sat immovable. Harald heard only a moan escape his lips. The boat was now in danger of running onto the rocks. Once more, it must tack; into the harbor this time. Harald shifted the sail and shouted to Johan to turn the rudder; but Johan sat immovable, still. Harald hurried with all speed possible, to the tiller, and gave it a turn. The boat slowly changed, striking out on its new course. Harald made an effort to take Johan's hand from the tiller, but it seemed frozen to it, so that he wrenched with all his might to get it loose. Then Johan fell forward on his face. Harald turned him over, but could do no more.

As the boat drew nearer to the high mountain wall, the wind slightly moderated, but this would not help the freezing fishermen, as it would take so much longer to reach land. Harald headed his boat for the lights. He was extremely tired, and a rest seemed so good. Oh, how cold it was! His mitts were like iron gloves. Johan and Jens lay in the boat as if asleep, and Harald felt anxious to join them. How could he endure it, until he could reach the shore.

The schoolmaster, down at Opdal, had told them, one day, what were the sensations of freezing to death. Harald now remembered it clearly. A panorama went before his eyes. There were Opdal's beloved hills and vales, green in summer beauty. He heard the sweet music of the sheep's bell; he scented the wild odor of the pine woods. There was grandmother, sitting by the stove, spinning, and humming as she spun. Father's sharp ax made the chips fly. The children shouted in their play. Little Hulda, little sister Hulda, climbed again upon his shoulders, and dug her tiny fingers into his curls, to hold on when her horse went fast. And then, down at Vangen, he saw a white-painted house, and a girl digging in the garden. She smiled at him, and, going to the flower-beds which were located under the glass frames, she picked the largest red rose on the bush, and gave it to him. He put it in his pocket, his inside pocket, right here—

Harald made a movement, as if to put his hand into an inner pocket of his jacket; but his fingers were stiff with cold. But the exertion awoke him to his senses again, and he realized that the withered flower was safe in the pocket of his best coat on shore. The night grew dark and cold again, but the lights on the shore seemed much nearer. He must not give up. One more effort, just one more, for her sake—for her who had given him the rose.

Ten minutes later, a boat from the shore met him, and Harald had a faint recollection of being lifted out and rolled into a blanket. Then he knew no more, until he awoke, the next day in his Uncle Erik's bunk-house on the shore.

* * * * *

The church at Vagsund was filled to overflowing with fishermen, come to pay their last tokens of respect to their three dead comrades, Johan Bernsen, Jens Monson, and Ivar Soroe. The last

named was brought in dead by another relief boat on that fateful afternoon of the storm.

The three black caskets lay side by side before the altar. Pastor Bange officiated. A silent gloom within was enhanced by the storm which howled without. On the front seat sat Erik Svensen, and Harald Einersen, with a number of other fishermen, relatives or dear friends of the dead. Harald's face was pale and thin, as if he had been ill for a month.

At the close of the services, comrades bore the caskets to the little graveyard, at the foot of a steep crag. Paths had been shoveled to the graves, upon which the long procession moved through the driving snow. The three coffins were lowered, and then the pastor, taking a small spade-like implement, tossed three times a little earth on the coffin of Jens Monson, repeating the usual formula of "Dust thou art, to dust thou shalt return; and of the dust thou shalt come forth." Then the same ceremony was performed over the grave of Ivar Soroe. Here the pastor stopped. He then breathed a short prayer, covered his head, raised his umbrella, and walked away from the graves between the long lines of men standing on each side of the path.

The silence was so perfect that the hard breathings of some of the men could be heard, and the lapping of the sea against the beach below. The men who were to fill the graves stood still, not knowing what to do.

Then Harald Einersen darted from the edge of Johan Bernsen's grave, ran along the path, and stopped in front of the retreating priest. He blocked the passage, and, holding up his open hand said:

"Give my cousin Christian burial!"

"I can not give him Christian burial—he is not a Christian!"

"You lie, Pastor Bange; give my cousin Christian burial! I knew Johan Bernsen—I know he is a Christian, a better Christian than you ever can be. Give him decent burial!"

The priest tried to pass, but Harald blocked the way. His pale face was paler yet, while his eyes fairly shone from their hollow depths.

"Men," said Harald to his comrades around him, "was my cousin a Christian?"

"Yes," shouted one close by.

"He was—yes, yes—" came from all directions. Then the murmur grew louder. The priest hesitated.

"Go back and finish your work!" shouted one.

"Go back, pastor!" said another.

There was more tumult. Harald stood firm in the path. Then the priest turned, walked back to Johan Bernsen's grave, and performed the usual ceremony!

When the priest departed, his face was pale with emotion; but something like a cheer broke from the assembled fishermen when Harald stepped aside to let the pastor pass.

TRYING TO CHEAT OTHERS—CHEATING ONESELF.

But there is flying through the world the story of another builder, a foolish eye-servant, a poor rogue. He and his little ones were wretched and roofless, whereupon a certain good Samaritan said, in his heart, "I will surprise this man with the gift of a comfortable home. So without telling his purpose, he hired the builder at fair wages to build a house on a sunny hill, and then he went on business to a far city.

The builder was left at work with no watchman but his own honor. "Ha!" said he to his heart, "I can cheat this man. I can skimp the material and scamp the work." So he went on spinning out the time, putting in poor service, poor nails, poor timbers.

When the Samaritan returned, the builder said: "That is a fine house I built you on the hill." "Good," was the reply; "Go, move your folks into it at once, for the house is yours. Here is the deed."

The man was thunderstruck. He saw that, instead of cheating his friend for a year, he had been industriously cheating himself. "If I had only known it was my own house I was building!" he kept muttering to himself.

But in a deep sense we are always building our own houses. Each one dwells in the heaven or hell of his own making.

I care not what his temples or his creeds,
One thing holds sure and fast,—
That into his fateful heap of days and deeds
The soul of a man is cast.

—*Edwin Markham in Success.*

AND THEN ?

BY W. J. SLOAN.

A few years ago a young man, fresh from one of the higher institutions of learning in "the North," paid a visit to the plantation of his uncle in one of the Southern States. The house, of "ante-bellum" style, was one of the few in that section that had not felt the direct blows of the war. The master, a gentleman of the old school, prided himself upon his hospitality and faithfulness to the traditions of the older times.

To this home and by this man, the younger one was welcomed with love and respect.

Upon the broad veranda, at the close of the day, the uncle and nephew could usually be found chatting until long after "early candle light." Favorite subjects of conversation, on the part of the elder man, were of the stormy days of the past; his love for the boy's mother, a brother's child whom he had raised and loved as a daughter; the family history; and the plans for the summer's work. The young man took pleasure in telling of his college life, the struggles there, and the final victory, as well as of his plans for the future.

One evening, near the close of the visit, when twilight was casting its silent shadows over the land, and the moon peeped through the tops of a clump of pines to the east of the house, the uncle and nephew took their usual places upon the porch; the elder man spoke:

"Edward, I do not feel like talking much tonight. You are going out in the world to fight the battle of life, and I feel that I would like to sit and listen while you tell me of your ambitions and hopes; what mark you expect to make in the world, as well

as what you intend to do to uphold the family name. I will listen, my boy—speak freely.”

“Uncle, you know so well how grateful I am for your kindness to me, during the years since my mother died, that I need not speak of that now. To use a college phrase, I can say that I expect to ‘make good’ on your investment. My hopes and ambitions are high, but I believe that I can fulfill them. Hopes I have many, fears none; I have health, strength, a good education, and, through the family name and your good influence, I shall go out among friends. In the morning, I shall leave this dear old place, and go to the capital of the state, there to follow my chosen profession; I shall open an office, hang out my ‘shingle,’ and be ready for fame and fortune. At first clients will be few, but I shall win their cases, and that will give me a start; other cases will then follow; I shall study and work hard, and more victories will be added to my credit. It will not be long before you hear of me, uncle, for I intend to make my mark and uphold the family name.”

The old man sat and listened.

“It will not be long before I am recognized as one of the brightest men before the bar of the state, and instead of having to wait for small cases, large ones will come to me. I expect that the tender passion will come into my life, but, when I marry, it shall add to my influence, and lustre to the old name. In a few years, I expect to be known throughout the state as a leader in my profession, in politics, wealth and business. This will be but a step to higher honors—a state legislator, congressman from my district, governor of this commonwealth, and then a seat among the members of the upper branch of our nation’s lawmakers; then will I be known as a leader, a man of influence and power. Such are my ambitions and hopes, uncle.”

“And should you accomplish all this, what then?”

“What more could a man ask?”

“But little; your ambitions are high; I wish you success; if your expectations come true, what then? What about the later years of your life?”

“Should I live, I expect to pass the declining years of my life among those who love, honor and respect me.”

“And then?”

"Why—then—of course, like the rest of mankind, I shall pass to the silent sleep of death."

"AND THEN?"

The young man sat in silence for several minutes, then slowly raised his head and murmured, "And then?"

"My boy, you have told me freely of your hopes and ambitions for this life, which life, by the way, is but the first short step in an endless career. At the end of your life story, I felt, and still feel, to ask, "And then?"

In silence the young man's head fell upon his bosom; after a few minutes he arose, stretched forth his hand and said: "Uncle, you have brought thoughts to my mind such as I have not known since I knelt at my mother's knee in the long ago; let me go to my room and think; perhaps I am not so learned, or have planned so well as I thought." Slowly, he walked away.

As the night wind sighed through the pine tops, and the low notes of the whippoorwill came up from the "bottoms," the old man walked slowly into the house, whispering to himself, "Yes; this life, and then?"

A REMEDY FOR WORRY.

"Ah, neighbor," said one farmer, dolefully, to another, "how unfortunate you and I have been! I've done nothing but fret ever since our potatoes were destroyed by that untimely frost. But how's this?" he asked in amazement,—“you seem to have a fine, healthy crop coming up now.”

"Why, yes," was the reply; "I planted those directly after I found the first crop was destroyed."

"What! and they're coming up already?"

"Yes, while you were fretting, I was working. I put off my fretting till I'd mended the loss."

"Why, then, you've no need to fret at all."

"True, and that's the very reason why I don't!"

AN UNEXPECTED TESTIMONY TO THE STRENGTH OF "MORMONISM."

BY JOSEPH W. M'MURRIN, OF THE FIRST COUNCIL OF SEVENTY.

In the year 1887, while engaged in missionary work in the city of Bristol, England, I attended a lecture delivered by the celebrated English infidel, Charles Bradlaugh. There was an association in Bristol, called the Free Thinkers, and the lecture was delivered under their auspices. Among the prominent members of this organization was a Mr. John W. White; it was at his solicitation that I attended the lecture. Mr. White had gained the warm friendship of the "Mormon" missionaries, in the Bristol conference, by a very earnest and manly defense he made in behalf of the "Mormon" people as a whole, and their missionaries in particular, in answer to the false and dreadful accusations made against them by an apostate, William Jarman. Mr. White challenged Jarman to a public debate on the "Mormon" question, and he defended our elders, and people, through the public press of the city. At the time Mr. White commenced his defense of the Latter-day Saints, it required considerable courage to speak in their favor. It was during the period known as the "crusade," and there were but few non-"Mormons," at home or elsewhere, possessed of sufficient fortitude to defend the people who were at that time so universally spoken against. Mr. White made the missionaries welcome at his home, and treated them with the greatest kindness. When he invited me to attend the Bradlaugh lecture, I felt it was my duty to do so out of courtesy to him, and I had a desire as well to hear the noted lecturer. The title of the lecture

was, "Is Christianity a Persecuting Religion?" The subject was one that would readily attract a person engaged in missionary work.

At the appointed time, I found myself one of a large audience composed entirely of men. Mr. Bradlaugh proved to be a very entertaining speaker, and commanded the strict attention of all present. The gentleman wasted no time on preliminaries, but at once launched into the subject. It was evident from the very start that he was well acquainted with the religious history of the world, so far as it in any way related to persecution. Before he took his seat, he had made a terrible arraignment of more than one religious denomination. He portrayed in graphic, touching, and telling language, many of the dark and damning deeds of the Inquisition. The dreadful massacre of St. Bartholomew, and other heartless and murderous deeds, that had stained with a blackness that cannot be erased, some of the pages of the religious history of mankind. He also proved that the great Mother church did not stand alone in deeds of blood. It was shown that some of the Protestant churches, when in full power, were ready to lay an iron hand upon those who differed from them in belief, and that they also had not hesitated to imbue their hands in the blood of their fellows. Mr. Bradlaugh presented evidence that established beyond all question the fact that the sects of Christendom, in the past, had frequently given way to a spirit of hatred and persecution entirely at variance with what the spirit of Christianity is understood to be.

While I sat listening to the story that was related, I could not help noticing that in all that was said, not one word from the scriptures justifying persecution had been produced. No act of either Jesus or his apostles was referred to as permitting persecution. It had been proven that the sects had persecuted each other, but no proof had been advanced tending to show that the gospel of Jesus Christ had aught in it of a persecuting character.

At the close of the lecture, a young man by the name of Proctor arose, and asked the following questions:

In the early days of Christianity, were not the converts few in number, and drawn generally from the ranks of the common people; and

were they not entirely without power or influence in the affairs of the government?

Mr. Bradlaugh.—Yes.

Mr. Proctor.—Is it not also true, that against this handful of people there was arrayed the great Roman Empire, with its soldiers, civil officers and other powers; and in addition to this, the religious bigotry and hatred of the people, especially of the Jews; all combined in a determined effort to destroy the Christian church?

Mr. Bradlaugh.—They were bitterly opposed.

Mr. Proctor.—Does not the growth of the Christian church, in the face of such deadly opposition, from a government possessed of such unbounded and overwhelming power, prove that the gospel story is true, and that the early Christians were preserved by some supernatural power that was more potent than even the mighty empire of Rome?

I thought Mr. Proctor had propounded a question that could not be easily answered. I was all attention when Mr. Bradlaugh gave the following reply:

The growth of the early Christian Church in the face of hatred, opposition, and overwhelming numbers was not as remarkable as the growth of the "Mormon" Church in America, under similar conditions. Will you say, because of this extraordinary success, that God has been with the "Mormon" people?

As Mr. Bradlaugh took his seat, a ripple of laughter passed over the audience, and Mr. Proctor sat down in considerable embarrassment. It was evident from the reply, that Mr. Bradlaugh was unable to account for the wonderful preservation of the early Christian church. He dodged the question, by hiding behind the mountain of prejudice which he knew existed against the Latter-day Saints; feeling sure, no doubt, that no one in his audience would for a moment admit that God had been with the "Mormon" people.

The history of the world abundantly proves that whenever a very strong power has made war upon a very weak power, the latter has been destroyed.

The two most notable exceptions to this general rule is found in the history of the primitive Christian church, and in the history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Both flourished and gained strength in the face of the opposition of the

mightiest forces that could be arrayed against them. Writers on Christian evidences point to the vitality of the early church as one of the most remarkable proofs of Divine favor. That history has a parallel in these latter times in the followers of Joseph Smith.

The cry of the Saints today, as in the past, in the face of mobbings, drivings, plunder and death, is the same as it was anciently: "Peace on earth, good will to men." This spirit of forbearance is a strong testimony that God is with the "Mormon" people. The unbelief of Mr. Bradlaugh and his audience does not alter this glorious truth.

MY FLOWER OF LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE ERA.

When life was young,—its promises of bliss
Held, as it were, within my one slim hand,
I gaily gave my kingdom for a kiss,
And planted Love's fair seed in shining sand.

The sun filtered among the crystals, and the grains
Of sand appeared to me as virgin gold.
And summer sent her gentle, pattering rains,
Until Love's leaf appeared above the mold.

Ah, how I watched it! How I nursed the shoot
Of tender green, as mothers 'fend their young;
And dug with care about the weakling root;
And how my hopes upon its budding hung!

And how I wept when floods of bitterness
Washed from the plant the shifting sands away;
And autumn winds, searing and pitiless,
Laid bare the shriveled roots for swift decay.

"My love is gone," I cried, and hid my face,
Straightway refusing to be comforted:
"Life holds no more of her high-crowning grace,
Nor hope, nor joy for planting, in its stead!"

Blinded by grief, storm-beaten, bruised, dismayed,
Broken by suffering, I turn to hide
My disappointment in the solitude,
As wounded roe upon the mountain side.

Deep in the virgin forest's dim recess,
I lean my head upon a cold, hard stone;
Arrest my footsteps in the wilderness,
And take no note of how the time has flown.

When lo! within a crevice of the rock,
Chiseled by time, and watered by my tears,
Amid disintegrated stone and moss,
A miracle of miracles appears.

My plant of love! strong, tender, verdant, blessed;
Blooming and fragrant, beautiful as heaven;
Deep-rooted, mountain-shielded, wind-caressed!
New lease of life, with thee, my flower, is given.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE FATHERS.

BY FRANK Y. TAYLOR, PRESIDENT OF THE GRANITE
STAKE OF ZION.

The integrity of the early Latter-day Saints, in remaining true to the gospel when a crucial test came, has always strengthened my faith; and I wonder if the boys fully appreciate the integrity of our parents. I desire to call the attention of our young people to a few incidents that have come under my observation, and the reasons why these people remained true.

There was a young man living in one of the villages of Sweden who had grown to manhood and was a respected member of his father's family, and an honored member among the young people of the village. He had received a liberal education, and finally secured a lucrative position in a near-by city. He had not been located long in the city until he was a recognized leader among the young people of the place. As he was walking down the street one evening, he was attracted into a building where some "Mormon" elders were preaching the gospel. He was so impressed with the truth of what he had listened to that he invited one of the elders to his room, investigated further, and finally accepted the truth, was baptized, had the hands of the elders laid upon him, and received the Holy Ghost. When he received this witness for himself, he was so over-joyed that he could not rest until he had persuaded one of the elders to go with him to his father's home, and to take the glad tidings to those he loved best on earth.

One cold, stormy day, the new convert and the elder started for the home of this young man who was delighted at the thought that his dear parents were going to receive the truth. He told

the elder that he had one of the most 'honorable fathers, a kind and loving mother, brothers and sisters that he loved, and what a welcome they would receive when they arrived; there would be a warm fire to dry their wet clothes, and a choice supper would be cooked by mother; and he told how glad all would be to receive them; and, best of all, they would receive the gospel.

Finally they arrived, cold, wet and hungry, but this was soon forgotten in the hearty reception they received. After the first greetings were over, they gathered around the warm fire, and the delighted mother was soon busy in the kitchen preparing the evening meal, and savory odors soon permeated the room. The young man was so over-joyed at the prospect of his parents receiving the gospel that he could not wait for supper to be served, or for them to get their wet clothes dried; but, being filled with that happiness that a knowledge of the gospel brings, told his father that his companion was a "Mormon" elder, and that he himself had accepted the gospel, and had brought the elder to bring the glad tidings to those he loved best on earth. But what a change those simple words produced! The father arose from his chair, called his wife and family around him, and said, "There is the boy we have doted on; the one we have looked upon to bring honor to his father's household; and, instead, he has brought shame and disgrace upon us." Then walking to the door, he opened it; and, pointing to the storm outside, he said: "My son, we all love you; we have looked forward with pleasure to the honor you would add to our name; but choose ye between the love of father, mother, brothers and sisters, the fireside of your youth and your honorable name, and this detestable religion, the storm and the night, and the casting of you out from our hearts and our homes!"

The young man looked for sympathy, but the same cold stare met him from each one present, and he was stunned and chilled to his heart. Then came upon him the many happy scenes of his youth, the love of father, mother, and all the tender ties of home; but, with tears in his eyes, and a lump in his throat, he buttoned his coat, put on his hat, and walked out into the night, an outcast from all that he loved best on earth.

Why did the young man make this kind of a choice? Was he not human? Did he not love father, mother, brothers and sisters,

and home? Why did he not say to that elder; "I was mistaken; there must be something wrong with a religion that will cause a person's loved ones to forsake him, and I prefer the love and honor of my home." But he did not do that, and the reason he did not, was because of that testimony that burned into his very being, and compelled him to admit that the gospel was true, and he could not deny it.

His employer, learning that he had joined the Church, discharged him. His friends and companions no longer recognized him as they met him on the street. Why was this? Changes were taking place with other people. Many joined the Catholic, Presbyterian, and other religions, and their friends did not forsake them. Why should his forsake him, because he joined the "Mormons?" and, at this stage, why did he not turn back? He remembered the saying of the Savior: "He that will not forsake father and mother," etc., and the testimony remained with him, and he remained true to the faith.

The experience of this young man has been, more or less, the experience of hundreds and thousands of others who have embraced this peculiar faith. Men and women have been honored members of society in the home, village, or city, in which they lived; a "Mormon" elder came along, they accepted the truth, and the same change takes place as with the young man; their former friends now hate them. Many have thought that when they moved to America they could worship as they chose; but they were sadly mistaken, and you know how our parents were driven from Kirtland to Independence, Far West, and from Nauvoo, and other localities, all for this same faith that burned in their bosoms.

I recently listened to a brother tell of his experience, as a boy, being driven, with his parents, from Far West. His parents were among the last to leave that ill-fated place. The mob attacked their home while his mother was in confinement, and as the bullets whistled through the building, he, a little bare-footed boy of seven years, shivered with fright under the bed. After a parley with the mob, the father agreed to move on as soon as his wife's health would permit, which they did.

All that was left from the ravages of the mob, was an old blind horse, which the father hitched to an old cart. The box of

the cart was filled with cob corn; a little sister was placed in the cart; the father led the horse; the mother, with the new baby in her arms, followed on foot, and the little bare-footed boy clung to the skirts of his mother; and thus through the snow they started on their long journey. When evening came, they made a fire, roasted a few ears of corn, and, with any wild game that was killed during the day, they ate their evening meal; morning came, more roasted corn; another day's tramp through the snow! He said: "Well do I remember the sores coming on mother's feet, how she suffered from cold; and thus, day after day, we wended our way to Nauvoo."

This is one instance among many others that befell our fathers and mothers. Did this man not love his family? Why did he not say to the mob: "I will be one of you; I will join some other religion; I have had enough of Joseph Smith and "Mormonism," and I want peace and some place to relieve the suffering of my family?" But he did not, and the reason he did not was that he knew Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, and that "Mormonism" is true. And did this family get rest when they arrived at Nauvoo? Yes; for a season, and then mob violence broke forth in greater fury. They were again driven.

Colonel Thomas L. Kane, in a lecture upon the exodus of the Saints from Nauvoo, before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, says:

The people of Iowa have told me that, from morning to night they passed westward like an endless procession. They did not seem greatly out of heart, they said; but at the top of every hill, before they disappeared, were to be seen looking back, like banished Moors, on their abandoned homes and the far-seen temple and its glittering spire. * * * What became of the driven Mormons? Where were they? They had last been seen, carrying in mournful train their sick and wounded, halt and blind, to disappear behind the western horizon, pursuing the phantom of another home. Hardly anything else was known of them; and people asked with curiosity, what had been their fate—what their fortune.

As this band of sick and destitute followers of this peculiar faith looked upon this beautiful city of their own making; as they beheld the ripening grain reaching out as far as the eye could see,

the orchards loaded with fruit, the comfortable homes they themselves had erected, and the beautiful temple crowning it all; as they looked upon it for the last time, and then contemplated their future, the phantom in the west, a desert, infested with wild animals and savage men, why did not their hearts fail them, and why did they not abandon this religion and return to the city of Nauvoo to become one with the world, and live in peace? The reason is the same as given by the young man, as he left his father's home; they knew this work was true; and, come life or death, their lot must be cast with the people of God.

You all know the history of the trials of our people from Nauvoo to the valley, and how nobly they stood the test; how they redeemed a desert and made it blossom as the rose.

Do the young people appreciate it all? Do we know what it cost? Were our parents mistaken? Were they following a phantom? Is this religion true? You young men answer this for yourselves. What are we going to do to repay them for the work they have done for us? I am happy to say, I had a father who passed through the trials of pioneer "Mormonism," and if he were here, and I should ask him what I could do to repay him for all he had done for me, I know what he would say: "My son, I want you to become conversant with the arts and sciences of the world, but above all things, I want you to be an humble and true Latter-day Saint, following after the faith of your father."

I do not know what the youth of Israel intend to do, but I pray the Lord that he will bless you and me with sufficient faith, so that, should a test come to us, we will not falter, but be found following in the footsteps of our fathers.

GROWTH OF THE CHURCH.

BY RUDGER CLAWSON, OF THE QUORUM OF THE TWELVE
APOSTLES.

Passing about among the Saints, in their settlements, in the midst of the mountains, I often wonder whether the work of God and his purposes are deeply comprehended by them; whether the young men, who are apparently bent on obtaining the riches of this world, and its pleasures above all things else, really ever stop to consider the "marvelous work and a wonder" which the Lord is pushing and sustaining in spite of all indifference or opposition from men in or out of the Church. Truly, the promises are being fulfilled. The work is something out of the ordinary. It is attracting attention in the world, in wonderful fulfillment of the revelations of God.

In the beginning of this dispensation, the Lord said to the Prophet Joseph Smith, concerning the Church, on the day it was organized, in Fayette, Seneca Co., New York, April 6, 1830:

The gates of hell shall not prevail against you; yea, and the Lord God will disperse the powers of darkness from before you, and cause the heavens to shake for your good, and his name's glory.

This promise was based upon the condition that the people would listen to their leader, the Prophet, or whoever might be called to occupy his place, and give heed unto all his words and commandments which he should give to them as they were received from the Father. This promise was given on the day when the Church corporation numbered six and its membership was only about nine.

The Lord desired to impress his people with the fact that,

though small in numbers, the Church should be built up—not by the power of man, but by the power of the Holy Ghost, and that no officer or member in the Church should take the honor for the growth thereof. The Lord would set up this kingdom to be cut as a stone out of the mountain, without hands, to roll forth and fill the whole earth; and while the Lord was to do this, the instrument of his use would be man.

These predictions have come to pass. From that day unto the present, the Church has spread in all the regions round about, and has spread also to foreign nations, and all this while Satan moved the very powers of earth and air to destroy it.

Watch its growth in Kirtland, in Jackson county, in Nauvoo, in the desert, and in the Western states, where, amid unmentioned trials and tribulations, the people founded a commonwealth in the wilderness. The people, too, have been driven to do the mighty and marvelous work which God had outlined and determined for them. At times, their fate excited little interest in the country through and from which they were driven, and many of their enemies hoped that that which God had set up would cease to be a factor in the world, and that the Church of Jesus Christ would disappear; but lo! only a few years passed, and the enemies of the Church awakened suddenly to the wonder which their astonished eyes beheld when they gazed out over the plains to the Rocky Mountains, and asked themselves the questions: "What great commonwealth is this? Who are these that have established themselves so firmly in the chambers of the mountains?"

From this small beginning of members at the organization in 1830, today we find that the Church has increased until there are fifty stakes of Zion—one in Canada; one in Oregon; three in Wyoming; eight in Idaho; one in Colorado; four in Arizona; one in Mexico; and thirty-one in Utah; besides fourteen great missions—one in the Eastern states; one in the Northern states; one in the Southern states; one in the North-western states; one in the South-western states; one in California; one in Colorado; one in Australia; one in New Zealand; one in the Hawaiian Islands; one in the Sandwich Islands; one in the Society Islands; and one great mission comprehending several nations in Europe, besides one that has lately been opened in Japan.

From these driven and persecuted exiles has grown a people numbering 260,000 souls, in the organized stakes of Zion, and 50,000 souls, in the missions, making in all a great concourse of people numbering 310,000, in which is included 85,000 children under eight years of age—a mighty host that will be trained as members of the Church of Christ.

This host of people is officered by a body of men bearing the holy priesthood—three of the First Presidency, twelve Apostles, two hundred Patriarchs, 6,800 High Priests, 9,730 Seventies, 20,000 Elders, a total who bear the Melchisedek priesthood of 36,745; while 25,700 bear the Lesser priesthood, making a grand total of those who hold the priesthood of God, of 62,445.

In addition to these are the auxiliary organizations of the Church: 30,150 members of the Relief Societies; 10,000 officers and 115,000 members of the Sunday Schools; 28,000 members of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations; 25,000 members of the Young Ladies' Associations; 4,000 officers and 32,000 members of the Primary Associations, with about 20,000 who belong to the Religion Classes: making a total of 264,150 belonging to these auxiliary organizations.

Temporally these people are thriving and prospering—building new cities and homes, and establishing themselves in the financial world as well as in the world of art and science. The Latter-day Saints own 20,000 farms, 18,000 of which are free from mortgages and incumbrances; and ninety per cent of the whole Church own and occupy their own homes, while the average of those who own their homes in the United States is something like five per cent.

Surely, in contemplating this growth, all men must acknowledge that a “marvelous work and a wonder” has been performed, and that what the Lord said to Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon on one occasion, has so far come to pass: “There is no weapon that is formed against you which shall prosper, and if any man lift his voice against you, he shall be confounded in my own due time.”

This work is still growing, and at the head of the organization today, as much as when the Church was founded in 1830, with six souls, there stands a prophet, seer and revelator, bearing the same wonderful power and authority which was delivered to

the Prophet Joseph Smith, as recorded in the Doctrine and Covenants:

Wherefore meaning the Church, thou shalt give heed unto all his words and commandments which he shall give unto you as he receiveth them, walking in all holiness before me;

For his word ye shall receive, as if from mine own mouth, in all patience and faith.

How great is the responsibility that comes to the Latter-day Saints with these words! and how great the responsibility upon those who are called upon to be presidents of these fifty stakes of Zion—men who have been called with a solemn calling and a great appointment to preside over the interests of the Saints! They should be quick to hear the word of God, and zealous to impart that word to their people. And no less upon the Bishops of the 562 wards in the Church, does this responsibility rest—to watch over the precious souls in their wards; to give counsel, to direct their labors, and to be interested in all things that pertain to the welfare of the people, in that no evil shall exist in their midst. They should be the first to observe that which is wrong, and should be swift to raise their voices against the wrong-doer, albeit in the spirit of the gospel, that all evil may be rooted out from the hearts of the Saints, so that the Church may more speedily progress towards its glorious destiny.

“SOWING WILD OATS.”

BY L. L. GREENE RICHARDS.

Yes, boys, you are young, and you have a just right
To live lives of freedom and ceaseless delight;
No one should hamper your glad, happy ways,
Nor darken, with care-clouds, your bright, sunny days.
Good laughter, a healthy condition promotes;
So, have your own fun, boys, and “sow your wild oats.”

But, while you are passing thus gaily along,
Remember, dear boys, you've no right to do wrong.
Don't place yourselves subject to shame or distrust,
By being unyielding, rash, vain and unjust;
Don't swindle each other in exchange of coats,
Nor swear, drink nor gamble, while sowing wild oats.

Speak not of "The Gov'nor," "Old Man," or such—
And your mother!—you cannot respect her too much;
Sin not 'gainst your elders by action or tongue,
But think—if you live, you'll not always be young;
Down the swift tide of time, each unconsciously floats,
So, be wise, kind, and gentle, while sowing wild oats.

Ne'er think that to work is degrading or low;
If no wheat is planted, there'll be none to grow.
Ne'er officiously scramble your bread to secure
From the humble who toil, the industrious poor;
Nor be guilty of venturing illegal votes;
Be honest and pure, though you're sowing wild oats.

Some trusting, young, fair one, as love-thoughts may flit,
May fancy your style, or be charmed by your wit;
Don't think that to please her, or merely for sport,
You'll make some pretentions to love and to court;
Don't woo to deceive her, with words or with notes,—
To take refuge in pleas that you're sowing wild oats.

Seek fame if you will, with the mallet or pen,
But lay your foundations for good, worthy men;
And build thereupon noble structures and fine,
Walking straight in the way of the Master divine;
O'ercoming, at last, all the beams and the motes
Which cloud the best vision while sowing wild oats.

SOME LEADING EVENTS IN THE CURRENT STORY OF THE WORLD.

BY DR. J. M. TANNER, SUPERINTENDENT OF CHURCH SCHOOLS.

The Situation in the Philippines.

The last month has witnessed abundant and sometimes bitter discussion, both in Congress and in the press, respecting our rights and duties in the Philippines. Governor Taft, our highest civil authority, has returned to the United States and made reports of conditions as he sees them, and it is quite generally believed that he and General Chaffee are not in fullest accord. We have a very peculiar condition in the Philippines. We have an army there putting down guerilla warfare, and a general establishing military rules for the guidance of the soldiers and the regulation of the communities that are under martial law. We have civil authorities striving to organize a civil government. Why the United States has not adopted a procedure in the Philippines similar to that which it has adopted in Cuba, it is not easy to understand. General Wood, in Cuba, has given general satisfaction, both as military and civil governor of that island. General Chaffee and Governor Taft are both men of eminent ability, and either, it seems, would have been thoroughly competent to deal with the situation in the Philippines. Reports as to the violent disagreement of our authorities there must certainly be received with some allowance. The situation is, however, described by a correspondent of the *London Chronicle* as amusing. He says:—"The civil commission is proceeding as if the natives were the most docile people in the world, and sending its employees to the most remote corners of the islands, where there are no military posts. The military are silent, but have issued strict orders that no soldiers shall appear on the

streets of the most pacified towns unarmed; and the outposts shall be strengthened, and vigilance increased in every way."

The Senate of the United States has been busily occupied with the tariff measure sent up to that body from the House of Representatives. The House bill provides that the United States collect on all articles imported into this country from the islands the same tariff that is provided in the Dingley bill, thus treating the Filipinos as foreigners in the matter of commercial relations, except that the tariff collected is to be returned to the islands for the administration of government and the improvement of the people. In the islands, the tariff schedule prepared by the civil commission is to remain unchanged, and the open door for all the markets of Europe prevails in the Philippines. The Senate has recently proposed an amendment of twenty-five per cent below the schedule fixed by the House. One of the reasons for maintaining a tariff policy with the Philippines; that is, putting other countries on the same footing as the United States, is that the United States is now demanding that the open door policy be maintained in China. Russia is almost as completely in control of the vast province of Manchuria, as the United States is of the Philippines, and it is our policy not to give Russia any pretext for discriminating against us in Manchuria. Manchuria is today one of the best fields in the Orient for the commerce of the United States. It is said that that Chinese province alone furnishes more than three-fourths of all our markets in China.

The question of what is to be done with the Philippines not only gives rise to our embarrassment in dealing with the natives of those islands, but affords abundant material for discussion at home. No doubt, many shrewd Filipinos think that the United States hardly knows what it is about, and that our policy may shift at any time, and thus make possible absolute independence. President Schurman; of Cornell University, chairman of the first commission appointed to the Philippines, in a recent address at Boston, declared that it should be the policy of the United States to announce and grant complete and absolute independence to the Filipinos as soon as conditions in that country would justify it. On the other hand, Representative Cannon in the House announced in a most dramatic manner that we are in the Philippines "to remain

forever and a day." The Democrats in Congress have formulated and announced their policy with respect to the Philippines; and, as the natural tendency of their policy, on the one side, is to consolidate, it follows that the Republicans, on the other side, are more than likely to announce the policy of permanent occupation. The five political declarations of the Democratic party are here given in full.

(1) That the United States relinquish all claim to sovereignty over the Philippines, subject to the provisions hereinafter set forth. (2) That from and after the passage of this act, the Philippine Islands shall be foreign territory, and all goods entering the United States therefrom shall be subject to the same duties, customs, and imposts, as are now, or may be hereafter, prescribed by law for goods entered from other foreign countries; provided, that during the temporary occupation of the islands all trade between them and the United States shall be free. (3) That the United States shall continue to occupy the archipelago until the Filipinos have formed for themselves a stable government, and until sufficient guarantees have been obtained for the performance of our treaty obligations with Spain, and for the safety of those inhabitants who have adhered to the United States. (4) That as soon as these results have been accomplished, it is declared to be the purpose of the United States to withdraw from the Philippines, and leave the government thereof to the inhabitants, retaining only such military, naval, and coaling stations as may be designated by the Government of the United States.

The Democrats will find a large number of sympathizers among the Republicans; though party discipline may minimize the number of those who would otherwise be willing to join the Democratic party in the announced program. It will not, then, be surprising if permanent occupation is announced by one party and temporary occupation by the other. If, however, the Democrats mean by temporary occupation of the Philippines what the English mean by the temporary occupation of Egypt, it will be a long time, in any event, before we get out of the Philippines.

Cuba and the Tariff.

Considerable interest is manifest in Utah over the proposed revision of the sugar schedule in our tariff law. At present we are collecting about \$1.68 per hundred on imported sugar. Cuba

cannot pay a bounty as Germany and France are doing; and the tariff, therefore, becomes practically a barrier to Cuban sugar. The same is largely true of our tariff on Cuban tobacco. As the United States is practically the only market in the world for Cuban sugar, the prosperity of that island is very largely dependent upon our tariff policy. The friends of the revision say we have imposed upon the island a sort of protectorate; we have compelled her people to accept the conditions we imposed upon Cuba, and we are now in honor bound to maintain a liberal commercial attitude toward her. It is insisted that Cuba may be as unfortunate in her present commercial bondage to the United States as she was in her political bondage to Spain. It has been generally thought that Congress would reduce the tariff something like twenty-five per cent. That would make a difference of forty-two cents on the hundred. It is difficult to see just how this could effect our own sugar interests. At the new rates, we should be bound to pay practically the same for Cuban sugar that we now pay for our own, so the price to the consumer would not be materially less than it is today. This is due to the fact that between seven and eight hundred thousand tons of sugar are annually imported from Europe; and Cuba and Hawaii send us about one million tons. The United States produces something like four hundred and fifty thousand tons. Of this amount one hundred and seventy-five thousand tons is beet sugar and two hundred and seventy-five thousand cane sugar. It will be seen from these figures that the United States produces somewhere about one-fifth of its consumption. No doubt, in time, this country will increase its consumption per capita of sugar; since, today, it consumes something like twenty pounds per person less than England.

Zionism.

Zionism is growing, and, if we can believe the reports of its friends its influences are extending beyond the effort to colonize the Holy Land. It now contemplates, in its latest phase, a rehabilitation, or at least an improvement, of Jewish character and Jewish life. Zionism is insisting that preparation be made by the Jews to reclaim the land of their fathers. As a result, it is said that missionary work has been inaugurated, that the filth of the

Ghettos, the quarters of the Jews in the great cities, is to be cleaned out, that learning is to be more modern and to meet the present demands of civilization and human progress. An effort will be made to remove the petty differences and bickerings in religious matters, and unite the Jews upon a common basis of belief. From the last conference at Basle, it was reported that \$3,000,000 out of the proposed \$10,000,000 had been paid in to the trust fund, and steps would soon be taken to purchase land in Palestine for new colonies.

The Boers.

Reports were sent out last month from German correspondents in South Africa to the effect that the conduct of the English soldiers toward Boer women in the concentration camps was most shameful and cruel, and some of the German illustrated papers presented the reports in cartoons that reflect upon the honor and chivalry of the English soldier. This aroused a spirit of intense indignity throughout England, and the reports were promptly denied. The Germans have been taking their revenge on the English during the Boer war. They have not forgotten how England was constantly misrepresenting conditions between France and Germany, and apparently agitating these hostile nations to conflict. For years, Germany and England have been engaged in a newspaper warfare that has resulted in strong national prejudices, that sometimes assume the character of hatred.

China.

Since the return of the Emperor of China and the Empress Dowager to Peking, rumors have been circulated about the breaking down of the health of the Empress Dowager. Her days, it is said, are nearing an end, and speculations are rife as to what will happen to China when left to a weak and vacillating boy who now occupies the throne. The Empress Dowager has taken great pains to impress the world that China is quite willing to submit to certain foreign demands, and grant concessions and franchises to the commercial world now at work in exploiting China's greatest resources. Millions are flowing annually both from this country and Europe to the enterprises now in progress in China.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE BETTER WAY.

It is conceded that small matters make up the sum of life; that attention to trifles is the safeguard to business; and that if the little virtues are regarded, the character is safe. These sayings are doubtless true; but there is, on the other hand, danger that men may go to extremes in caution and care over little things; and forget, or neglect, the weightier matters of the law, the great objects about us, the leading policies in business, and the more enduring virtues of existence.

It has been said that the average man who visits the valley of the Snake River returns with a more vivid recollection of the mosquitoes that have disturbed his rest, than of the sublimity of the sweeping river, the majesty of the Tetons, or the vastness of the distances and solitudes. It is human nature for men thus to observe and remember some disagreeable little personal disadvantage rather than the grandeur of the more wonderful scenes about him. So also it appears to be human nature to think of petty ills in all things, rather than of their greater and truly uplifting qualities. This disposition in people is a deplorable characteristic, and young men who desire to advance to that perfection of character which insures the greatest happiness, should study to avoid this error. It is better to judge, in a general way, people and great institutions by their achievements, in the main, and not by their small mistakes or errors committed.

One fruitful source of apostasy from the Church comes from an inclination on the part of those who apostatize to consider the small, mostly unintentionally committed errors of its officers,

rather than the broader and more important labors which enter into their experience. Young men so inclined turn from the infinite truths of the gospel, the mighty plan of salvation, the eternal purposes of God, to carp and cavil upon the insignificant actions and the imperfect achievements of men, judging the inspiring magnitude of the former by the disagreeable and tiresome detail of the latter. Many of the serious annoyances of communal life among the Saints would be obliterated entirely if men would search for the great and noble aspirations actuating their neighbors, rather than for the imperfect sidelights that lay bare their puny shortcomings. Those who wish to advance in the world will avoid soul-destroying, mind-narrowing thoughts, and devote the days allotted to them, which, it will be found are none too numerous, in studying the greater, nobler, grander subjects that tend to build character, provide happiness, and create harmony with the mighty purposes of the Church and its founder, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Let us estimate our brethren by their best desires and noblest aspirations, not by their trifling shortcomings and failures. We estimate the majesty of the Wasatch by Monte Christo, Baldy, Observatory, the mighty Cottonwoods, Clayton, Timpanogos, and Nebo,—its loftiest peaks,—not by its rolling elevations or hillocky spurs, rocky ravines or trifling canyons. So also let us judge our fellows, and so the Church. It is the better way.

Instead of always dwelling upon petty thoughts, young men would better gaze often toward the mighty heights to which the Church points its members, and ponder upon its unfailing efforts to elevate mankind, enrich humanity, solve vexatious social problems, and lead the way to life eternal. These are its riches to which all should aspire; not that detail is unnecessary or to be neglected, but that we should not so let it blind us that the beauty, grandeur and glory of the perfect whole is thereby obscured to our vision. There are men who so persistently delve for the dollar that power or wisdom for its use and enjoyment dies out in their souls. So also is it possible that continually seeking trifles, we may check the natural development of faculties that assist us to comprehend the sublimity of the universe, as well as the sweet truths hidden in the scriptural sayings: The soul thirsts for God; blessed are

they who hunger and thirst for righteousness; the pure in heart shall see God.

Joseph F. Smith.

PORTRAIT OF GOVERNOR VAUGHN.

The ERA presents, in this number, the portrait of Vernon H Vaughn of Alabama, who succeeded Governor J. Wilson Shaffer, and became the eighth governor of the territory of Utah on November 1, 1870, though it was nearly a month thereafter before he took charge of the office. He continued in office only until the coming of Governor George L. Woods, his successor, who was appointed on February 2, 1871. Governor Vaughn died in Sacramento, California, on Sunday, December 1, 1878.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Several inquiries and communications have come to the editors, concerning "Answers to Questions" in No. 4, on the priesthood of Sidney Rigdon. An article in reply is in preparation, and will be printed in an early issue of the ERA.

"Some Features of Japanese Life," an interesting, worthy, and perfectly accurate account of conditions encountered in a home in Japan, written by Elder Alma O. Taylor, missionary, will be a feature of the April number, and there will be a variety of other entertaining and instructive reading.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

Relating to Degrees of Glory:

This question is from the Third ward Y. M. M. I. Association of Brigham City, through its president, Norman Lee, and is ans-

wered by Elder John Nicholson. Similar questions have come from a number of other associations.

Question:—Will those who inherit the telestial glory ever attain to the celestial? That is: is it possible, in the hereafter, for any resurrected being to so live that he will be entitled to and receive the glory higher than that to which he shall be assigned immediately after his resurrection?

Answer:—We will first consider the status of the intelligences who will inherit the three eternal spheres after the resurrection. The information is principally obtainable from the 76th section of the book of Doctrine and Covenants:

The celestial:—55. They are they into whose hands the Father has given all things—

56. They are they who are Priests and Kings, who have received of his fullness, and of his glory,

57. And are Priests of the Most High, after the order of Melchisedek, which was after the order of Enoch, which was after the order of the Only Begotten Son;

58. Wherefore, it is written, they are Gods, even sons of God:

* * * * *

62. These shall dwell in the presence of God and his Christ for ever.

Section 131: 1. In the celestial glory there are three heavens or degrees:

2. And in order to obtain the highest, a man must enter into this order of the priesthood; (meaning the new and everlasting covenant of marriage;)

3. And if he does not, he cannot obtain it.

4. He may enter into the other, but that is the end of his kingdom.

Terrestrial:—76. These are they who receive of his glory, but not of his fullness.

77. These are they who receive of the presence of the Son, but not of the fullness of the Father;

These are they who receive not of his fullness in the eternal world, but of the Holy Spirit (verse 87.) Through the administration of the celestial.

Telestial:—86. These are they who receive not of his fullness in the eternal world, but of the Holy Spirit through the administration of the terrestrial.

112. And they shall be servants of the Most High, but where God and Christ dwell they *cannot come, worlds without end.*

Now, put a portion of the statements of the status of the two higher classes together.

The Celestial:—They are they who are priests and kings, who have received of his fullness and of his glory. * * * These shall dwell in the presence of God and his Christ forever.

The Terrestrial: These are they who receive of his glory, but not of his fullness. They receive of the presence of the Son but not of the fullness of the Father. * * * These are they who *receive not of his fullness in the eternal world.*

Deductions:—Terrestrial—It appears that those who are assigned to the Terrestrial sphere, after the resurrection do not attain in eternity to the conditions existing in the Celestial degree.

Telestial—The following fixes the eternal permanency of the assignment of this class: “Where God and Christ dwell they cannot come: worlds without ends.” They, therefore, cannot go to the sphere next above it, as it has the “presence of the Son.”

I am unable to find any direct statement in the revelations indicating that the inhabitants of either of the two lower spheres will graduate to the one above it. There are, however, some decided expressions in the other direction. These lead to the conclusion that the negative of the question is correct.

Doubtless the eternal spheres to which the children of God will be assigned after the resurrection will be their final habitations, and that in them they will have all the scope for progress their capacity will enable them to economize.

Having presented the statements of divine revelation I now express what appears to be its logic: If there be graduation from one degree of glory to another, the highest would be within the possibilities of the lowest, who would be traveling toward the Godhead. This elevation is barred to the telestial population—“Worlds without end.”

Logically this would likewise be the position of the inhabitants of the terrestrial, otherwise the situation would be unsymmetrical, not to say unjust, the theory of graduation being built upon the eternally progressive nature of man.

If there be graduation from the lower to the higher spheres, there must, to render the situation consistent, be graduation within the degrees to the highest point of exaltation. The divine fiat, expressed in the quotation from section 131, is against it. If the barrier applies to two classes within the celestial degree, it certainly must also be applicable to all beneath them. The subject is of such a character that one break in the line of progressive climbing through one degree of glory to another is fatal to the theory that the inhabitants of the lower are transferable to the higher degrees.

Were all the Unsealed Records of the Book of Mormon Translated?

A stake president asks the ERA the following question, sent to him by a class teacher in his stake:

"What is meant by the unsealed portion of the plates of the Book of Mormon, being delivered to the angel?" The enquirer then adds: "It is generally supposed that all the unsealed portions were translated, but it seems they were not, from reading on page 73, History of Joseph Smith."

The question is answered by Elder Matthias F. Cowley in these quotations and comments:

Let us first give a description of the plates as found in Orson Pratt's Works:*

These records were engraved on plates, which had the appearance of gold. Each plate was not far from seven to eight inches in width and length, being not quite as thick as common tin. They were filled on both sides with engravings in Egyptian characters, and bound together in a volume as the leaves of a book, and fastened at one edge with three rings running through the whole. This volume was something near six inches in thickness, *a part of which was sealed.*

The characters or letters upon the unsealed part were small and beautifully engraved. The whole book exhibited many marks of antiquity in its construction as well as much skill in the art of engraving. With the records was found a curious instrument, called by the ancients

*Remarkable Visions, page 6.

the Urim and Thummim, which consisted of two transparent stones clear as crystal, set in the two rims of a bow. This was in use in ancient times by persons called Seers. It was an instrument, by the use of which they received revelation of things distant, or of things past or future.

Respecting the Urim and Thummim, it was also used in the translation of records, and was thus employed by the Prophet Joseph in translating the Book of Mormon. The sealed part of the record, the Prophet was informed was not to be translated and published to the world, at that time, but if the people who should receive the unsealed portion were faithful to the things contained therein, they should receive, in the due time of the Lord, the contents of the sealed record. The Savior said to the Jews: "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; neither hid, that shall not be known." (Luke xii, 2.) After obtaining the plates, Joseph the Prophet copied a few characters and sent them by Martin Harris to Professor Anthon, who certified that they were genuine Egyptian. Then he asked Martin Harris to bring him the plates, and he would translate them. When the latter informed him that he could not do that, and that a portion of them were sealed, Professor Anthon answered with a jeer of contempt that he could not read "a sealed book" and thus, unwittingly, the learned man fulfilled the words found in Isaiah xxix.

After the Prophet had translated the unsealed plates and made ready the manuscript of the Book of Mormon, he returned the plates to the librarian and custodian of those sacred records—the angel Moroni. Concerning this the Prophet Joseph writes:

At length the time arrived for obtaining the plates, the Urim and Thummim, and the breastplate. On the 22nd day of September, 1827, having gone as usual at the end of another year, to the place where they were deposited, the same heavenly messenger delivered them up to me with this charge, that I should be responsible for them; that if I should let them go carelessly, or through any neglect of mine, I should be cut off; but that if I would use all my endeavors to preserve them, until he, the messenger, should call for them, they should be protected. I soon found out the reason why I had received such strict charges to keep them safe, and why it was that the messenger had said, that when I had done what was required at my hand, he would call for them; for no sooner was it known that I had them, than the most strenuous exer-

tions were used to get them from me; every stratagem that could be invented was resorted to for that purpose; the persecution became more bitter and severe than before, and multitudes were on the alert continually to get them from me if possible; but, by the wisdom of God, they remained safe in my hands, until I had accomplished by them what was required at my hand. When, according to arrangements, the messenger called for them, I delivered them up to him, and he has them in his charge until this day, being the 2nd day of May, 1838.*

Thus was returned to the angel Moroni, all the plates, sealed and unsealed, which had been entrusted to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

No other conclusion than that all the unsealed portions were translated can be drawn from the quotation above referred to (Cannon's Life of Joseph Smith). It reads:

After the work of translation was ended, Joseph recommitted his charge to the care of the angel of the record; and Moroni received it back into his keeping, to bring forth the yet unsealed portions of it only when God shall so decree.

It is self-evident that the words, "the yet unsealed portions" have reference to the portions that were sealed.

NOTES.

Hurry not only spoils work, but spoils life, also.—*Lubbock*.

Ignorance shuts its eyes and imagines it is right.

"Truth and justice are no protection against malice. Envy is blind to all objects save other men's happiness."

Say what you will of the coldness and selfishness of men, at the last we long for companionship and the fellowship of our kind. We are lost children, and when alone and the darkness begins to gather, we long for the close relationship of the brothers and sisters we knew in our childhood, and cry for the gentle arms that once rocked us to sleep. Men are home-sick amid this sad, mad rush for wealth, and place and power. The calm of the country invites and we would fain do with less things, and go back to simplicity, and rest our tired heads in the lap of mother nature.—*Elbert Hubbard*.

*Pearl of Great Price, pp. 67, 68.

IN LIGHTER MOOD.

Vain man tells his wife just how the government should settle the canal question, and has to hire a laborer to map out a drain through his back yard.

* * *

"I see the Boers won another victory. British forces were surprised again."

"That's funny. I should think they'd be used to it by this time."—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

* * *

Once upon a time a cat who prided herself on her wit and wisdom was prowling about the barn in search of food and saw a tail protruding from a hole.

"There is the conclusion of a rat," she said.

Then she crept stealthily toward it until within striking distance, when she made a jump and reached it with her claws. Alas! it was not the appendage of a rat, but the tail of a snake, who immediately turned and gave her a mortal bite.

Moral—It is dangerous to jump at conclusions.

* * *

Ethel—If ten men were to ask you to marry them, what would that be?

Amy—What would it be?

Ethel—A tender.

Amy—And if one should ask you what would that be?

Ethel—I don't know. What?

Amy—A wonder.—*London Fun.*

* * *

"The late editor's wife is something of a humorist."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. Took a line from his original salutatory and placed it on his tombstone."

"What was it?"

"'We are here to stay!'"

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

BY THOMAS HULL, GENERAL SECRETARY OF Y. M. M. I. A.

LOCAL—*January* 15—A suit was today begun to test the State Fish and Game Law.....Moses Thatcher, and a party of Chicago business men, left yesterday for Old Mexico, with a view to purchasing 7,000 acres of land in the State of Oaxaca, for the raising of sugar and rubber..... New appraisers have been appointed in the Peery estate, consisting of Robert A. Moyes, Lee Gibson, and Joseph Parry.....16—The police committee of the City Council, refuse to concur in the Mayor's request for the removal of Chief Hilton.....M. and S. Krotki, of Richfield, go into liquidation, assets, \$22,000, liabilities, \$24,000.. The local office of special agent of the Rio Grande Western has been abolished, and will be transferred to Denver.....E. Mumford, Dan Harrington, and D. Musser, appraised the value of President Snow's estate at \$15,401.38.....17—It is announced that the Oregon Short Line will extend its Tintic lines..... 18—The articles of incorporation of the Commercial Club were adopted.....19—Major Egan will be detached from duty at Fort Douglas and go to the Philippines..... A movement is set on foot in Salt Lake, towards enacting state law against cigarettes.....An attempt is made to quarantine Mayor William Glassman of Ogden, who exposed himself to small-pox in ordering the discharge of a victim in the city pest house.....Henry Golden, born England, Morch 27, 1831, died in Nephi.....20—The San Pedro railroad elected directors: W. A. Clark, R. C. Kerrens, J. Ross Clark, T. E. Gibbon, T. F. Miller, F. K. Rule, W. S. McCornick, Thomas Kearns, Reed Smoot, E. W. Clark, Perry S. Heath and Ross W. Smith.....D. P. Felt was re-elected president of the Utah Press Association.....21—Work on the Ogden-Lucin cut-off is to begin at once.....The preliminary examination of Peter Mortensen began before Judge Neilsen.... Dr. J. Henry Barrows of the Oberlin, Ohio, College spoke in Salt Lake.... 22—Benjamin B. Haywood was nominated for U. S. Marshal for Utah,

by President Roosevelt, vice Glen Miller.....Senator Kearns and Representative Sutherland introduce bills in the Senate and House providing for opening the Uintah Reserve.....Preliminary work began on the Ogden-Lucin cut-off.....23—In reply to defendant's attorney in the Hay murder case, James Sharp testified that God revealed to him that Mortensen was the murderer of Hay.....T. R. Cutler appears before the House Committee in behalf of beet sugar interests.....Amanda M. Pierce, came to Utah in 1848, died in Salem, Utah, age 92 years.....A company of Canadian editors are entertained in Salt Lake by the State Press Association.....24—The Utah Socialists charter is revoked by the National Committee.....Mary S. Gates, aged 73, came to Utah in 1848, died last night in Salina, Sevier county.....25—Peter Mortensen was held without bail and committed to the custody of the sheriff, on decision of Judge Neilsen, for the murder of John R. Hay.....26—The temperature dropped to 4 degrees below Zero, and a very cold wave passed over the State.....The Salt Lake Stake Y. M. M. I. A. held a conference at 2 p.m.....27—Mayor William Glassman was fined \$10 in the Ogden Municipal Court for violation of the sanitary law in a small-pox case.....28—The Senate confirmed the nomination of B. B. Heywood, U. S. Marshal for Utah.....In 1901, \$1,074,825 was spent in erecting 426 new buildings in Salt Lake City.....Albert Brown, born Connecticut, November 13, 1807, Joined the Church in 1832, died in Mill Creek.....29—Henry P. Lindsay, age 78 years, a veteran of the Civil War, died in Salt Lake.....Patriotic exercises were held in all the public and private schools of the State in memory of William McKinley. Liberal contributions to the memorial fund were made by the children who were limited to five cents each.....30—John S. Bransford succeeds D. H. Peery, Jr, as president of the Salt Lake Mining Exchange.....31—Utah dividends for January are \$489,000; stock sales, 2,059,223 shares for \$1,091,045; ore and bullion settlements, \$1,638,356.....The farmers of Cache Valley formed an association with Thomas Irvine, Logan, president.

February 1—Free postal delivery began in Provo.....Mary Taylor, an old lady, was burned to death in her home in Spanish Fork, and William Harkins, 50 years of age, it is feared perished in a blizzard near Gold Mountain.....3—Senator Kearns calls on President Roosevelt and urges the appointment of Col. A. B. Hayes, of Ogden, to a federal judgeship in Alaska.....Utah has 45 commissioned officers in the state militia, 483 enlisted men, and 28,023 available for military duty.....4—The Rio Grande gas plant in Ogden exploded, two

firemen were badly hurt, and the loss of property is \$5000.....
 Gov. Wells issued a call for a convention of state irrigators, Feb. 26.....
 Chief Hilton was sustained by the City Council, and he removes detective Geo. A. Sheets, and sargents Edgar M. Janney, and Peter C. Brown5—Wayne Brown, a 11 year old son of Hal C. Brown is fatally injured by a street car while coasting in Salt Lake.....6—
 Emma Lucy Gates appeared in Boston and was highly praised by the musical critics.....7—A. L. Thomas was by the Senate confirmed Postmaster of Salt Lake.....Insurance companies received \$1,250,000 from Utah in 1901, and the state about \$27,000.....8—John Maguire, born June 22, 1838, in Ireland, and a resident of Ogden for 30 years, died.....10—The Southern Pacific Railway officials definitely decided at a meeting in Salt Lake, that the Ogden-Lucin cut-off will be built.....The Ministerial Association adopted a sensational resolution claiming that polygamy is still practiced in Utah12—The following Utah ladies are in Washington in attendance at the Woman's Suffrage Association which convened today. Mrs. E. B. Wells, who represents the State, Miss Ann M. Cannon, Mrs. A. T. Hyde, Mrs. Phoebe Y. Beatie, Mrs. Ida S. Dusenberry, Miss Addie M. Cannon, Miss Maria Y. Dougal, Mrs. George S. Taylor, Mrs. C. S. Burton, Mrs. George Q. Cannon, Amelia F. Young.....Peter Mortensen pleaded not guilty in the District Court.....13—It is positively announced that the Short Line Leamington cut-off will be built.....C. S. Rapp succeeds Geo. J. Kelly, resigned, as assistant postmaster at Ogden15—The trial of Peter Mortensen was set for May 5.....16—It is announced that the R. G. W. railway shops will be built in Salt Lake City.....Franklin Perry Whitmore, a pioneer of Springville, died. He was born in Tennessee, November 15, 1834, and came to Utah in early days taking part in several Indian battles.....17—Col. M. Shaughnessy, an old mining man of Utah, filed a petition in bankruptcyThe Brigham Young Training School and Gymnasium of the B. Y. Academy at Provo, was dedicated amid great enthusiasm among 1,300 students at Provo. Presidents Joseph F. Smith, A. H. Lund and John R. Winder were present. Jesse Knight, and David Evans who made large contributions to the building were among the speakers and received great ovations from the students.

DOMESTIC—*January* 14—George H. Phillips, the Chicago corn king, failed, and was wiped off the financial slate.....An important surrender of insurgent officers and 245 men and 223 rifles occurred in the province of Batangas, P. I.....The opening of Fort Hall, Idaho, Indian Reserve will be delayed another year.....18—W. J. Buchanan,

of the United States prevailed upon Chile and Ecuador to agree to compulsory arbitration, which was then agreed to by the Pan American Congress which also approved the Hague agreement.....The Imperial yacht *Hohenzollern* sailed from Kiel to New York carrying Prince Henry, Emperor William's brother, who will be a guest of the United States at the launching of the Emperor's new yacht on Feb. 25, which is to be christened by Miss Alice Roosevelt.....19—The State Prison commission reported showing that in the United States an army of ten thousand youths were sentenced to prison in 1901.....21—The money for the ransom of Miss Stone has been forwarded to Americans treating for her release.....Dr. P. M. Rixey is nominated Surgeon-General of the Navy vice W. K. Van Reypen retired after 40 years service.....22—The President approved the appropriation of \$90,000 for the Charleston exposition.....23—A gas well flowing fifteen million feet of gas a day has been struck in W. Va.....24—A treaty ceding the Danish West Indies to the United States was signed in Washington by Secretary Hay and Mr. Brun, the Danish Minister.....25—Admiral Schley, at a banquet at which he was the guest in Chicago declares that he has no political ambitions.....26—The National Liberal Party was formed in Cincinnati, and adopts a remarkable platform.....

FOREIGN—*January* 17—Three hundred persons lost their lives and much property was destroyed by an earthquake at Chilpancingo, Mexico.....18—Emperor William receives M. Coquelin, the eminent French actor.....19—Venezuelan insurgents renew active operations at Curacao.....The Mexican volcano of Colima is again active.....20—A naval battle at Panama between government and rebel fleets resulted in the death of General Alban, governor of Panama and the sinking of one ship on each side.....21—Aubrey Thomas DeVere, the poet, died in England.....Memorial services were held at Frogmore, Windsor, at the tomb of Queen Victoria, also elsewhere in Great Britain and in Berlin.....23—There have been 100 deaths from the plague, near Canton, ChinaArchduchess Elizabeth of Austria was married in Vienna to Prince Otho, thereby forfeiting her claim to royal succession.....25—A force of Boers is being organized to fight their countrymen.....26—The Prince of Wales received a cold welcome in Berlin whither he has gone to celebrate the Kaiser's birthday.....Miss Stone is located in Yapyak near the Turkish frontier.....28—Mr. Balfour admits in the House of Commons that Holland had proposed to act as mediator in the Boer warSantos Dumont made two successful trials of his airship at Monte Carlo.

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